CVPIDS WHIRLIGIG.

AS IT HATH BENE SVNDRIE times Acted, by the Children of his Maiesties Reuels.

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LONDON,
Imprinted by Tho: Creede, and Ber: Alsop, and are to be solde by Arthur Iohnson, at the signe of the white Horse, neere the great North doore of S. Pauls Church.
1616.

¶ The Actors Names.

The Olde Lorde Nonſuch.——

Alderman Venter.— A Marchant.

Syr Timothy Troubleſome.— A iealous Knight.

The Lady Troubleſome.— The iealous Knights wife.

Maiſter Correction.— The Pedant.

Miſtris Correction— The Midwife.

Peg.— The Lady Troubleſomes Kinſwoman.

Nan.— Olde Venters Daughter.

Nucome.— The Welſh Courtyer.

Boy.— Nucomes Pages.

The foure Schollers.——

The young Lord Nonſuch. { A Begging Souldier.— / Slacke.— / A ſwaggering Captaine.—

Maiſter Exhibition.— The Innes-a-Court-man.

¶TO HIS MVCH HONOVRED, beloued, respected, and iudiciall Friend, *M. Robert Hayman.*

SIR, I must needes discharge two Epistles vpon you, the one the Readers, that should be like the Haileshot, that scatters and strikes a multitude, the other Dedicatorie, like a Bullet, that aymes onely at your selfe: If eyther doe strike you, it shal be at your choyce: whether I shall hit you in the head, to let you vnderstand my meaning, or in the heart, to make you conceiue my Loue: yet I must confesse, I had rather expresse my loue out of the flint, then my meaning in any part of the shot: I ayme at you rather then the Reader, because since our Trauells I haue bene pregnant with desire to bring foorth something whereunto you may be witnesse: and now being brought a Bed, if you please to bee God-father, I doubt not but this Childe shall be well maintained, seeing hee cannot liue aboue an houre with you, and therefore shall intreate you, when hee is dead, he may be buryed deepe enough in your good opinion, and he shall deserue this Epitaph.

Here lyes the Childe that was borne in myrth,
Againſt the ſtrict rules of Child-byrth:
And to be quit, I gaue him to my Friend,
Who laught him to death, and that was his ende.

Yours, while hee is his owne. E. S.

THE PROLOGVE

OVr Authors Pen, loues not to ſwimme in blood,
Nor dips his Inke from out blacke *Acheron*:
Nor ſuckes inuention, from the depth of Hell,
Nor croſſes Seas, to get a forraine plot.
Hee taxes no Godeſſes for fowleſt luſt,
Nor doth diſcloſe the ſecret ſcapes of loue:
He rips not vp the horrid maw of Hell,
To ſhew fowle Treaſons hideous ougly face.
Nor doth he touch the falls of mighty Kings,
No ancient Hyſtorie, no Shepheards loue.
No Stateſ-mans life, no power of death he ſhowes.
He onely ſtriues with myrth to pleaſe each one,
Since laughter is peculiar vnto Man.
And being ſure, freely to ſpeake can be no ſinne,
If honeſt wordes haue honeſt conſtruing.
Therefore to flye the leaſt cauſe of offence,
Hee onely findes but words, you finde the ſence:
VVherefore, if ought vnto your eares taſte tart,
Thanke but your ſelues, which good to ill conuert:
Yet this hee oft hath charg'd me ſay:
That hee's a ſlaue, and of a baſe condition,
That doth but draw it to ſuſpition.
That here hee priuately taxeth any man,
Since all the world yeelds vice to play vpon.
VVhat hee intends, Action ſhall make you knowe,
I ſhould fore-ſtall the Play, ſhould I but ſhowe.

Cupids

CVPIDS

WHIRLIGIG.

The Scœne in London.

Enter *Cupid.*

With feathered ſpeede I pierc'd the Ayre,
The Clowds aſunder I did teare:
And thus with wings and Bowe come I,
Newly from Ioues hye Court in Skie.
My Mother kiſſ'd mee at our parting,
But did charge me leaue my Darts ing,
And with a ſtrict commaund did ſay,
Boy on a Whyrligig goe play.
But ſuch a Round ile make him runne,
As he ſhall ende, where firſt begunne.
My Scourge-ſticke ſhall be made of Darts,
Feather'd with ſighes of Louers hearts.
Which made them flye with ſwifteſt flight,
As Lightning in Tempeſtuous Night.
My Scourge it ſelfe, are golden Treſſes,
More richer farre then Chaines of Eſſes.
With which ile make ſome daunce a Iigge,
More rounder yet, then ere did Gigge.
But Time doth call mee to be gone,
Yet firſt to all you lookers on,
Before I part, I thus much tell,
That Gods can goe inuiſibell.
And though you doe not all times eye mee,
Yet know at all times I am by yee.
And be aſſur'd, and doe not not thinke,
But that you ſtand full neere the brinke.
Of my diſpleaſure: which if yee winne,
In Loue ile make ye ſinke or ſwimme.
Thus farewell all, ſit patient yet a while, (guilt.
Leſt Cupid make your ſelues, your ſelues be-

Enter

Enter the olde Lorde Nonſuch, Aldorman Venter, and Syr Timothy Troubleſom.

Venter. MY Lorde, you knowe your ſelfe, and I haue long liued Friends, and ſhall wee now with firme affection knitte? tie faſt our Friendſhip in our Offſprings Loue, conuey our Cares in one, our Goods together, and our Loues in them, and whiles the remnant of our Aged dayes doe laſt, lets d'off all diſcontents, caſt by the Worlds incomber, and leaue the carefull burthen of keeping that, was care enough to get vpon the youthfull hope of their more able ſtrength.

Olde Lorde. O Neighbour Venter, doe you not knowe, that to marrie a Childe, is but to marre a man? For he that cuts a tender Twig in ſpringing, both marres his length, and ſpoyles his growing: my Sonne ſhall firſt ſee twentie yeares of Age, before my condeſcent ſhall once be giuen to make him Father of a Sonne: Beſides, your Daughter as yet is but very young: and though in Womens Sexe t'is commonly ſeene, deſire of Marriage rydes alwayes in poſt; yet in theyr Inne repentance is their Hoſt: the fault of this is alwayes knowne to bee, through fooliſh Husbands: or ſuch as are too young, for Childen to their Wiues, are like Fruite halfe ripe, they yeeld no taſte, nor giue no ſweete delight. *Enter the Young Lorde.*

Ven. Beholde, heere comes my young Lorde, the very modell of your ſelfe, the rigor of your youth, and ſtrength of all your future hopes.

Olde Lorde. And hee is welcome, what ſuddaine Guſt (my Sonne) in haſte hath blowne thee hither, and made thee leaue the Courte, where ſo many Earth-treading ſtarres adornes the Skye of State? or as the Summers ſpeckled flowry Garment is ſpread about the ſeate of Maieſtie? what is the reaſon thou haſt left this Earthly Paradiee, to viſite vs before our expectation?

Young Lord. My Loue deere Father (to your faire Wiſe) hath made my howres of abſence from this place, ſeeme tedi-

tedious yeares, I could not but return from whence I came, as like to Man, the which of Clay was fram'de, at first did walke a while vpon the Earth, but in the ende returnde to Dust: or like a Riuer, which through the Earth doth draw his life, and spring from out the Sea. Thus I that from you sprung, haue runne my course a while, but now as to my Sea, returne to you againe.

Old Lord. Thy answere with thy wisdome hath inrich'd thy welcome: Deere friends, I pray you set your hands to this my deede. *Exit olde Lorde.*

Ven. I doe my Lord with all deuoted loue. *Exit Ven.*

Kni. And I which hate my Wife his Mistris: his welcome home, will breede my ill at home. I breed my horns as Children teeth, with sickneſſe and with paine: and yet I will with as smoothe a face as my wife will giue me leaue, make showe of welcome. Syr, I much reioyce to see you, and doubt not but ere long, you'le come and see where my poore house doth stand.

Young Lord. Or else I were vnworthie of your loue, if I neglect the visitation of such kinde friends as your selfe and my deare Mistris.

Visitation! my Wife's not sicke, what visitation? 'Tis I am ill, t'is the Horne-plague I haue; I am sure t'is not Gods visitation, yet they are the Lords tokens, for hee hath sent them mee: but marrie when you will, ile trie and you bee a Chandler, ile see if youle take your owne Tokens againe: well, but in the mean time, I am marked for death, yet heele be in the pit before mee. O that I should be a Cuckold! a Creature of the last Edition, and yet of the olde print.

Enter Wages.

Wages. O Syr, what make you heere when there's a gallant Gentleman, but newly come from Court, talking within with my Ladie?

Kni. Yet! more Courtiers, more Gallants, more Gentlemen? now in a hũdred thousand horn'd diuels names, what makes a there? what, is a gone to bed to my Lady? doth a Cuckold me in mine owne House, in mine owne Chamber?

Nay,

Nay, in mine own Sheets? what hee's come to visite her too, is a not, ha? But let me see, I haue now found out a tricke to know if my wife make me Cuckold, I will gelde my selfe, and then if my wife be with child, I shalbe sure I am a Cuckold, that will doe bravely Faith, God a mercie braine.

Enter Lady and Nuncome.

Lady. Syr, I am sorry that I cannot with that free scope of friendly Entertainment, giue welcome to your Worth, because a iealous spirite haunts my Husband, which doeth disturbe vs all: This Diuell hath long vext him, and hee as long vext mee; and were I not compos'd of more then an ordinary Female spirite, the burthen of his wrongs would tyre me quite. *They meete and imbrace.*

Syr, this is my Husband.

Nunc: I cry ye mercie Syr, I did not see yee.

Kni. A man would thinke ye saw mee, for I am sure yee haue hit me right enough. *Pointing to his browes.*

Nunc: I pr'ay Syr, bee not angrie, I haue not any way offended you, nor would.——

Knight. Nay, nay, though I bee, yee may be friends again with me in spite of my teeth: for looke ye sir: my wife and I are but one and then though I fall out with you, you may fall in with her.

Nunc: Syr, I come not to offend you, nor——

Knight. Nay, nay, ye may, ye may yfaith, ye may, my wife is charitable, and would be glad by such meanes to make vs friends.

Nunc. Syr, then knowe, I scorne my eyes should stand as witnesses vnto your Ladies wrongs, and let you go vnpunished: slight, see a sweet Lady abusde! *He drawes his sword.*

Lad. Syr, you shall not touch him: Husband you are too blame, your madnesse makes you much forget your manners, and wrongs my hie byrth, to make me the onely cankerd, & worm-eaten branch, that sprung out of my Fathers Noble stocke. No, no, knowe that the Tree from which I growe, brought foorth good Fruite to all, not bad to yeu: but henceforth ile shake hands with myrth, and entertayne a careleſſe humour: For looke ye Syr, the Diuell giues this

iealousie

iealousie to man, as nature doth a taile vnto a Lyon, which thinkes in heate to beate away the flies, when he doth most inrage himselfe with it: but come sir, will yee bee my seruant, my sipher, my shadow, or indeede any thing?

Nue. Your shadow (if you please,) and you my substance.

Lad. With all my heart?

Kni. I, I warrant her with all her heart, and now must he doe as all shadowes doe, when night comes, creepes into the substance.

Lad. Say a do, ye heare Husband, I here doe vow before all the watchfull guard of Heauen, that I haue liu'd as true vnto thy bed, and chaste vnto thy loue, as ere was Turtle to her mate: but henceforth cerimonious custome shall not curbe me of delight, let her be brideled by opinion, whose weake desires cannot breake her raines: for my part, ile make you know my will is like a flint, smooth and cold, but being hardly strooken, sparkles foorth fire euen in the strikers eyes: I am asham'de that I haue said thus much; yet I may lawfully speake, for why? come sir, will ye walke? the Prouerb saies, Giue loosers leaue to talke.

Exeunt Ladie and Newcome.

Kni. O Wages, Wages, O honest Wages! waat other Gallants come to your Ladie in my absence?

Wag. Truly sir, sometimes there comes a proper young Gentleman, one Master *Woodlie.*

Kni. Would lie? with whom would hee lie good *Wages?*

Wages. Why with my Ladie sir, and hee could get her good will: but hē is a Gentleman I can assure yee sir, for hee walkes alwaies in bootes, but in truth his Gentilitie is something decayin̄, his bootes are on their death-bed, for their soles are vpon parting; and I thinke hee bee a Souldier too for his sword and his hangers are more worth then all his cloathes, and a is a very proper man, for hee is as tall as one of the Guard, and he wil come sometimes, and take my Lady by the hand, and pumpe for wit halfe an houre toge ther.

Kni. How doeſt meane, Pumpe, ha!

Wag. Why ſir, thus he will take my Lady by the hand, and wring it halfe an houre together, and ſay nothing.

Kni. Is that pumping for wit?

Wag. O ſir I, for he that wringes a faire Lady by the hand, and ſayes nothing, doth but pumpe for witte, that's certaine.

Kni. A moſt wittie expoſition, of what yeeres?

Wag. Faith ſir, he's indeede a man of no eares, for a hath been on the Pillarie.

Kni. But what makes the cropeard ſtallion with my wife then?

Wag. Alas nothing, but lies with her, and ſhe lies with him, would you haue any more?

Kni. More! no, too much by heauen, nay, then twa's paſt ſuſpition, paſt doubt, paſt iealouſie; is not my haires turnd al to hornes? am I not a monſtrous and deformed Beaſt? my wife's a Goddeſſe (though not *Diana*) ſhe can tranſforme: I branch Wages, I branch, do I not? am not I a goodly ſcreen for men to hang their hats vpon.

Wag. Why ſir? ye'are no Cuckold.

Kni. No? no Cuckold? he lies with your Lady, and your Ladie lies with him, yet I am no cuckold.

Wag. Why no, giue me but attention, and with a word ile wipe a way your hornes.

Kni. No, no, words are too weake to wipe them off, when deede haue put them on.

Wag. But heare me ſir.

Kni. With open eares to ſwallow comfort.

Wag. I met my Ladie and hee faſt by the Garden wall, and asking for your iealious worſhip, they both replide, you were not iealous, this ſpoke they both together: in this, you know they both did lie together, and yet made you no cuckold.

Kni. Ha! mean'ſt ſo?

Wag. Euen ſo indeede ſir.

Kni. Nay, then I crie ye mercy wife, yfaith, ſhee yet may chance be honeſt.

Wag. O.

Wag. O sir, very honest as a prettie Semsteris, or a poore waiting Gentlewoman.

Kni. Well Wages, if I be a Cuckold——

Wag. Well sir, what will ye doe if ye be?

Kni. What will I doe? ile make it knowne, for I will be a Citizen, and so be a Subiect for Poets, and a slaue to my owne wife, therefore follow me Wages, I will doo't.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Lady alone.

Lad. O griefe! how thou torment'st me, it dwels in mine eyes, feastes on my blood: swimmes in my teares, and lodges in my heart. O heauen! haue I deseru'd this plague? O Husband! why should'st thou vse me thus? was not my behauiour vnto thee as soft as Downe, as smooth as pollish'd christall, I and my loue as cleare? was I not like a handmaid, euen obedient to thy very thoughts? did not my nuptiall dutie like a shadow, follow the very turning of thine eye? Oh! thou once didst loue me, but thy loue was too hot, and like to selfe-consuming fire, it burnt out, and how soone tis turn'd to cold ashes, and therfore henceforth ile seeme iealous of him: for since all indeuours faile, ile now trie if iealousie can driue out iealousie: and here is fit occasion for to work vpon: Why how now Husband, woing of another wife before my death, whence comes this? in my conscience tis a plague that *Cupid* hath laine vpon mee for sleeping crosleg'd in your absence. What, are ye growne as weary of your wife, as of a foule shirt? must ye be changing.

Peg. Good Madam be patient.

Lad. Patient! no, you are his patient, and he is your Physitian, a ministers to ye (with a *Morbus Gallicus* take yee both) I pray forsooth let me bee your Butler, and scrape your Trenchers, since I am alreadie faine to liue of your leauings.

Kni. Woman, art Iealious?

La. I.

Kni. Why?

La. Because you giue me cause: but man are you iealious?

Kni. I.

La. Why?

Kni. Becauſe thou giueſt me cauſe.

La. Tis falſe.

Kni. True, falſe, thou haſt beene falſe in deed, abuſde my bed, infected euen my very bloud, and made it growe to harde impoſtumes on my browes: haſt thou not wantonly chang'd naked imbracements with ſtrangers? abuſd thy Nuptiall vowe? hath not thy vnſatiate wombe, brought forth the baſtardie of luſt to call me father? But ile abandon thee, diſclaime that, and hate ye both.

Nur. Do'y heare mee ſir, vpon my conſcience, you doe wrong your Lady.

Kni. If I doe her wrong, youle doe her right, I beare a blow of yours, the which I neuer felt: You are like a mans Taylor, that works with open Shop for the Husband, but if you chaunce to doe any thing for the Wife, you muſt doe it inwards, inwards/ you are a good workeman, I muſt needs ſay't: you haue fitted my Wiues bodie: How ſay, wife, has a not?

Lad. Not, but you can euen in my ſight caſt amorous glances vpon others: you haue forſooke my bed, abhorred my preſence, and like a man paſt grace & ſhame, ſtrout like a pimpe before a wanton feather-wagging minks at high-noone: beſide, did I not finde thee kiſſing of my Mayde?

Kni. Did not I find thee in priuate conference with my Horſe-groome?

La. Didſt thou not offer thy Mayd a newe Gowne, for a Nights-lodging?

Kni. Didſt not thou giue a Diamond to the Butler?

La. Didſt not thou ſend a bowd Angell to thy Laundreſſe Daughter?

Kni. No, tis falſe.

Lad. Yes, tis true, and then when I tolde thee on't, thou ſwareſt twas out of charity, becauſe the Wench was poore, her Father an honeſt man, and her Mother a paineſull woman: For theſe and theſe cauſes. you were kinde vnto the Daughter, great whil'ſt I was contented to beleeue, becauſe

cauſe I was vnwilling, like a faint hearted Souldier to looke of mine owne wounds, vntill I ſaw thou woundſt my loue anew, and ſleweſt thine owne reputation.

Kni. Art mad?

Lad. No, but a little iealious like you, I will no longer maintaine thy ſanguine ſinne, ſooth luſt with patience, nor in broken ſinging language flatter thy folly, as ſweet heart doe not wander: for I doe loue thee deare, as doth a Gooſe her Gander: a Gooſe indeede, for if ought but a Gooſe, I ſhould haue ſought reuenge for wrongs.

Kni. What, art drunke?

La. No, for I haue ſufficient reaſon, too much knowledge, and ſence enough to feele my wrongs: why ſhould wee Women bee ſlaues to your imperfections? haue wee not ſoules of one mettall, are we not as free borne as you? are we not all *Adams* Off-ſpring? did you not fall as well with him as wee, and ſhall wee be ſtill kept downe, and you riſe?

Kni. Doeſt heare? yee are a ſort of vncertaine, giddie, wauering, tottering, tumbling creatures, your affections are like your ſelues, & your ſelues like your affections, vp and downe (like the tuckes on your Petticotes,) which you let fall and take vp, as occaſion ſerues: I haue ſeene of your Sex fall in loue with a man for wearing a handſome Roſe on his ſhoe: another fall into the paſſion of the heart, to ſee a man vntie his point to make water; a third fall into the ſhaking *Ague*, for eating a bodie cheerie with two ſtones, and yet youl' be fellowes, euen with the very image of your Maker, but wilt let me alone, and yfaith ile be quiet.

La. Alone? faith no.

Kni. Then ile leaue thee, ſince I know tis follie beyond madnes, to make her pleaſure cauſe of my ſadnes.

Exit Knight.

Nur. Beliue it Lady, this was well done, and like a Ladie of a hie birth: make your Husband know his aduancement.

La. O ſhadowe, ſhadowe, I would haue you know I would not wrong him for all the Seas drown'd riches: for

If my heare of blouds ſhould doe it as he ſuppoſeth it doth, euen that blood would like a traytor write my faults with bluſhing redde vpon my cheekes: but becauſe I (as all women and Courtiers do) loue good cloathes, which his eyes weare, yet he abraides me, ſwearing tis to pleaſe the multitude, and that I ſpread gay ragges about me, like a net to catch the harts of ſtrangers: if I goe poore, then he ſweares I am beaſtly, with a loathed ſluttiſhneſſe: if I be ſad, then I grieue he is ſo neere: if merry, and with a modeſt wantoniſing kiſſe, imbrace his Loue, then are my twiſtings more dangerous then a Snakes, my luſt more vnſatiate then was *Meſſalines*: Yet this from Iealiouſie doth alwaies grow, What moſt they ſeeke, they loth'ſt of all would know. But now to you deare Couſen, forgiueneſſe let mee aske, and pardon for my fained Iealouſie, and take but thus much of my counſaile. Marrie not in haſt, for ſhe that takes the beſt of Husbands, puts but on a golden fetter, for husbands are but like to painted fruite, which promiſe much, but ſtill deceiues vs when we come to touch: if you match with a Courtier, heele haue a dozen Miſtreſſes at leaſt, and repent his mariage within foure and twentie houres at moſt, ſwearing a wife is fit for none but an old Iuſtice, or a countrie Gentleman. If ye marrie a Citizen (though yee liue neuer ſo honeſt) yet yee ſhall be ſure to haue a Cuckold to your Husband. If a *Lawyer*, the neateneſſe of his Clarke will draw in queſtion the good carriage of his wife. If a Merchant, heele be venturing abroad, when a night deale a great deale more ſafe at home: therefore come, Couſen come, lets home, and this take of me, That amongſt the beſt there's none good, all ill: ſhee's married beſt, that's wedded to her will.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the young Lord.

Young Lord. They ſay *Cupid* is a boy, yet I haue knowne him confute the opinion of all your Ppyloſophers: For they hold euerie light thing tendes directlie vp: but I thinke

thinke all knowes he makes euery light wench fall directly downe. Well, I am sure a hath knocked me with his birdbolt, for the which *Venus* giue him correction; for I do already loue a Ladie of an incomparable delicacie, but shee's another mans, and will shut her eares as close to keepe out charmes, as great men doe their gates, to keepe in almes. Yet I haue no reason to dispaire, for I haue kil'd her, and the French prouerbe saies, *Fame baisee est demiioyee*, a woman kis'd is halfe inioyed: but I feare he meanes but the vpper halfe.

I haue heere a Letter must work a strange thing, and yet no miracle, it must make a Ladie loue her friend better then her owne husband.

Enter Wages.

Wag. Saue ye my Lord.

Lor. O Wages! what Tennis-ball ha's fortune taken thee for, to tosse thee thus into my way?

Wag. I hope ye will not strike me into any hazard of my life though.

Lor. But what's the newes my Lad, what's the newes? how doth Sir Timothie Troublesome, that iealious Knight thy Master?

Wag. Why sir, a doth with his wife like a cowardly Captaine in a towne of Garrison, feares euery assault, trembles at the batterie, and doubts most, least the gates should be opened, and his enemie let in at midnight.

Lor. Now in the name of destiny who feares a cuckold?

Wag. O sir, next to your self, none so much as your Courtier, for euen with venum'd *Breath*, a speakes of them: for saith hee, haue but a suite to one of them, and they are like Iourdaines, which though yee open the Fludgates of your bountie, and fil them to the very brimme, yet theile alwaies stand gaping for more.

Lor. But doest thou thinke his Ladie honest?

Wag. As womans flesh may be.

Lor. But she ha's been a Courtier, and therfore knowing most good, me thinkes she would commit least ill.

Wag. O sir, I will not but with sanctified and haloweđ

thoughts, touch *Cynthias* brights beames, whom all eies do adore, and hearts doe worship: where pureſt Chaſtity doth ſhine in ſpotleſſe robes of ſplendent maieſty, where Nature emulating heauen, to make her euen as faire as ſhee is vertuous; but yet I well could wiſh, you know that in the skie of Court are many ſtars, the which at midnight ſhoote and fall.

Lor. True, through moſt of the twelue ſignes, for they ſhoote from their Husbands at Aries (which gouernes the head) and fall at Scorpio, and ſo indeede they ſhoote from top to taile: but honeſt Wages, will ye bind me to'y.

Wag. I thinke ſir twill not be ſo much for your health, as I ſhould keepe you ſollable.

Lor. I meane in courteſie good Wages.

Wag. O! the very name of good Wages, will make a Seruingman doe any curteſie.

Lor. Then befriend me thus, deliuer this Letter to your Ladies owne hand, with as much ſecrecie as yee may, and take this for your imployment.

Wag. As ſecret as ſhe that ſells Complexion: None but the Chamber-Maide ſhall know it. *Exeunt at two doores.*

Actus ſecundus, Scena prima.

Enter Ladie alone with a Letter.

YE haue your eyes like Sunne-glaces, catch't the heate of my beautie, and caſt it on your owne heart, and with your ſighes like bellowes, make it more inflamde: then ſpend your teares to quench it, for my chaſt-blouds honour ſhall neuer doe it. Luſt, it's like an ouer-ſwollen Riuer, that breakes beyond all bounds; it's a Diuell bred in the bloud, nurc'd in Deſire; and like a Sallamander, liues in a continuall fire: it ſprouteth larger then Iuie, which imbraceth, twiſteth, and intangleth euerie one within his reach, and makes no choice betweene the goodlieſt Cedar and the ſtinkingſt Elder: it's a foule vſurper on the name of loue, and raignes with greater dominion, then an Empe-

rour,

ror: it's a very leperous Itche, it staines, and leaues a fouler spot vpon the soule, then teares can wash away: but my chaste thoughts shall watch mine Honor: ile muster vp my prayers to fight against temptation: shall I that haue beene a commander of my selfe, now prooue a slaue to sinne? No, no, my mounting thoughts doe soare too high a pitch to stoope to any strangers lure. Say that a peeuish Flie intangled were within my neuer-shorne tresses, should I to saue his life, cut and deforme me of so rich an ornament? What though the Lord Nonsuch within my loue intangled bee, must my Honour now be clipt to set him free? No, no, my saw is this and euer shall: hee that on hope doth climbe, doth often fall. But what shall I doe? a writes heere a will come: wit of a Woman now assist me, O aperne stringes bee now auspicious, for here's my Husband, something I must doe: I ha't.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Now faire mistris: this is strange to finde you here alone.

La. Not alone, but inuiron'd and accompanied.

Kni. With what?

La. With many heart-biting thoughts, which like Acteons hounds, haue almost slaine my selfe, yet now my constancie shal prooue a glasse, in which your selfe shall see your owne errors: the Lord Nonsuch which you haue long suspected, with vnrebared edge of lust, hath alwaies sought, (I must confesse) to cut my very reputations throate, and this night------

Kni. This night?

La. I this night, but heare me husband.

Kni. No, no, cuckold me, kill me with griefe, doe, doe, and when I am dead marry him: a ha's made you a ioynter already of Breech downe: well wife well, I married you out of the Country, but you haue learn'd the Citie fashions already: I am a Cuckold, I am, but ignorance that I was to marry thee so young, not being able scarce to put thine owne apparell on.

La. I was the fitter for a Husband, ye might then a been

sure to haue taken me a bed at all times.

Kni. True, so might other men too.

La. No, ye are deceiu'd husband, other men neuer lie with a mans wife, but when she is readie for them, but to the purpole this night haue I promisde the Lord Nonsuch a shall inioy my loue, for which cause hee will send a certaine Pander before, for feare you stand a rocke in his way, on which all his hopes will suffer ship-wracke. Now this same Panderly Pylate shall be by you bribed to stand sentinell, and giue the watchword when a comes, that you may then punish him either with death or feare.

Kni. O shallow and womannish inuention, as if he wold betray his master.

La. Tut, money oftentimes corrupts a good disposition, and makes a knaue ride poste to hell.

Kni. But is this true? art honest indeed? come hither, doest loue me, doest? nay but tell me true, doest?

La. Or else in hatred let me euer liue.

Kni. Doe not flatter me, I scarce beleeue thee, thou neuer kissest me, but with such an affection, as a young wife doth an old husband, wringing her lippes, and making a mouth, as if she were taking a Potion.

La. You distast me much sir.

Kni. Dost not distaste me too sometimes, tell me true?

La. Nothing but your Iealousie.

Kni. Well, prethee forgiue me and lets goe, but ile so swindge my Lord a horson otter, ile teach him fish in other mens ponds. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Young Nonsuch and Wages.

Lor. Did you deliuer my Letter?

Wag. With secrecy.

Lor. To her selfe?

Wag. Her owne hands.

Lor. Made she any answer?

Wag. Not any.

Lor. What other newes then rides on the back of report?

Wag. Why they say sir, that mistris Correction the Midwife, is turn'd Hermaphrodit.

Lor. Why Hermaphrodit?

Wag. Why sir, she is become a Midwife, for as your hermaphrodit hath two members, the one to beget, the other to bring foorth, so hath your Midwife two meanes, the one to bring you to beget, the other to bring it foorth when tis begotten: and looke you sir, here shee appeares vpon her Q.

Enter Mistris Correction.

Lor. O prethee do thou boord her as she passes by.

Wag. Who, I boord her? by this light I dare not.

Lor. Then I will: fairely met faire Mistris.

Mist. Cor. Indeed forsooth I haue bin, by my truth I see he is a fine spoken man.

Lor. Where abouts is your house faire Lady?

Mist. Cor. Here fast by sir, not aboue a couple of stones cast off.

Wag. What Gentlewomen haue ye at home?

Mist. Cor. O Master Wages, how do'y? faith sir I haue no body at home but mistris Punckit, you know her well.

Lor. What's she?

Mi. C. Truly sir a very courteous Gentlewoman, and she loues to act in as cleane linnen as any Gentlewoman of her function about the towne, and truly that's the reason that your sincere puritanes cannot abide to weare a Surplesse, because they say tis made of the same thing that your villanous sin is committed in, as your most prophane holland.

Wag. Pra'y when was Master Wrastler of the Guard at your house?

Mi. Co. Who he? in troth Mi. Punckit cannot abide him, she sweares a lookes for all the world like the Dominicall Letter, in his red Coate: no Master Wages no, I can tel ye I haue other manner of Guests come to my house then he: I haue Pentioners, and Gentlemen Vshers, Knights, Captaines and Commanders, Lieutenants, and Antients, voluntarie Gentlemen, I, & men that weare their clokes linde through with veluet: I entertaine no Mutton eating Innes a court men, no halfe linde cloake Citizens: nor flat capt Prentises, no, the best come to my house, Maister New-

come the Courtier was there the other day, and truely hee would haue had some dealing with Mi. Punckit, but that he had no siller: and yet I must needs say't, a would a put her in very good obscuritie, for a brought a Gentleman with him that would a giuen his word in a consumption of twentie pound, that a should a paied her at next meeting, and truly, but that her trade stands so much vpon present payment, and partly for mortalities sake, I thinke else she would a taken it, and yet before a went, I must needs say't, a shewd himselfe like an honest Gentleman and a Courtier, for a left his Perriwigge in pawne: but had you seene how a look'd, for all the world like an Estridges egge, with a face drawne of the one side.

Lor. What other guests haue ye?

Mi. Cor. There comes master Exhibition of the Innes a court very often, and Maister Angell taker the Counsellor comes sometimes, but Mistris Punckit doth so iest with him, she sweares to him as she hopes to be saued, and I may tell you sir, there's great hope on't, for truly she vseth iust and vpright dealing with euery man, but as I said, as she hopes to be saued, she would not marry him of all the men in the world.

Lor. No, why?

Mi. Cor. Because she saies that Lawyers are like Trumpeters, they sell their breath.

Lor. Shee's a foole tell her, the Lawyers are the pillars o' the Realme.

Mist. Cor. Yes forsooth so I said, but she said they were not onely the Pillars, but the Polers also, but I pray you sir of what profession are you?

Lor. Faith of none Gentlewoman, only a young gallant as you see.

Mi. Cor. A young Gallant, say you? yfaith, ile quickly trie that by and by, do'y heare sir, do'y heare? *Putting her hand to her purse.*

Lor. What say you Gentlewoman?

Mi. Cor. I pray can you giue me ten shillings for a peece of gold.

Lor.

Lor. Yes that I can.

Mi. Cor. O sir, O sir, I perceiue you are no gallant, faith, it would goe deepe my friend, I may tell you for a young gallant to change three greats for a shilling, & twere great fish, I may tell you too, to Angle for in a gallants great hose.

Lor. Hold mistresse, spend that for my sake, and it shall not be long ere I will come and visit your house.

Mist. Cor. I thanke your worship, sir, ile be so bold as to take my deliuerance out of your company.

Lor. Farwell.

Wag. God be with you mistresse Correction.

Mist. Cor. The like to you good Master Wages, but doe you heare sir, I hope if your worship come to my house, if there be no body at home but my selfe, though I am an old woman, yet I hope your worship will not despise age.

Lor. No, no, feare not that.

Mist. Cor. I thanke ye heartily sir.

Lor. With all my heart, Wages farwell, and bring but an answere of my letter, and I will bee thy pay-master, not thy debter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nucome, Wages and Peg.

Nuc. Indeede Lady I am a Courtier.

Peg. I vnderstand so much by your name good Master Nucome.

Nuc. And I am in grace too Lady, what my soules sweet secretarie! you are fairely met indeed, how doth old Venter thy father?

Nuc. O how perfum'd your Courtiers phrases are! I left him in health sir.

Wag. O I, they speake in print I can tell you, and though it be a sinne, to rob a man of his learning, yet Courtiers are verie seldome blamde for getting out of any mens bookes.

Peg. Yet I haue knowne them steale out of them ere now.

Nuc. Nay, then youle make a Courtier a Thiefe.

Peg. I, such a one as the good theese was.

Nan. Masse I wonder what Country man that good theese was?

Nuc. O, a was my country man Lady, hee was a borderer on Northwales, I can assure you.

Nan. Indeed and so I thinke, for not to flatter ye, many of your Countrey men haue prooued good theeues euer since: but I pray tell mee, is it the fashion of your North wales, to suffer your beards to grow vpwards thus, in spite of your nose?

Nuc. Yes Lady, al of vs that are Courtiers: marrie before when we were poore countrie sellowes, wee suffered our beardes carelessie to grow downeward, and then they grow into our mouths in spite of our teeth, now you know haire is but excrement, and for mine owne part, I had rather haue my excrement in my nose, then in my teeth.

Peg. I haue heard most of your Country men are verie actiue men.

Nuc. O Lady, I haue seene a youth of eighteene yeeres in our Country, would a caper'd ye, thus hie!

Wag. Tas bin in a string thee.

Peg. Is it possible?

Nan. Nay, beleeue it, a would haue done it with all his heart, but he could not.

Peg. They say too, most of your Countriemen are verie valiant.

Wag. O I, they terrifie their enemies with patience.

Nuc. O, wee make the excellent'st Souldiers in the world.

Peg. I, but they say, they cannot presse a man to the warres though, in all your countrie.

Nuc. Yes Knights.

Nan. Why Knights?

Nuc. To saue our Landed men at home.

Nan. I haue heard, most of ye are great Trauellers.

Nuc. I, for France, Spaine, & England, and such neighbour Countries, why I haue been as fatte as Winchester my selfe.

Wag. Indeed tis true, some of ye Trauaile so far abroad,

as ye come short home many times.

Peg. I haue heard ye are all Gentlemen.

Nuc. Indeede I must confesse Ladie, wee haue few beggers, and those we haue, we reward accordingly, for if thee be a lustie Knaue, we giue him a *Lawyers* almes, tell him of the statute: if a poore and decrepit fellow, we giue him a Citizens wiues charitie, crie God helpe him, God helpe him.

Peg. By your leaue Master Nucome, mee thinkes you haue a prittie lace on your band.

Nuc. A prittie slight court lace, all show, all show.

Nan. What's this, a shirt that ye weare? else tis a mock-begger with stripes.

Nuc. No, tis a shirt Lady.

Nan. What, did you make this double new, or else yee new made it?

Nuc. Yes I made it new Lady?

Nan. Beleeue me sir, but the linings are old.

Peg. Fie, they are greasie.

Nuc. I thinke they are something sweatie indeed with hunting.

Nan. Hunting: why a man needs not hunt far for game, what's this? *She findes a louse.*

Nuc. O, a Sallamander Ladie, tis a Sallamander bredde with the continuall heate of sweating.

Peg. What's your breech made all of one stuffe Master Nucome?

Nuc. Pray why doe you aske?

Peg. Because me thinkes the soile changes there behind.

Wag. I, and so doth the shirt as well as the soile I warrant yee.

Nan. What are these hose made of the newest fashion ye haue at Court?

Nuc. Faith Lady for mine owne part I am no mans Ape, this is my fashion, and sometimes I stand in the presence with my cloake linde through either with veluet, or with Taffata, if with Veluet, I let him hang on my shoulder, making the greatest shewe, carrie my hat here.

Peg. Now by the soule of chastitie I sweare, a is a proper man.

Nuc. If any man passe by and salute me, I salute him againe, but if any Lady or Gentlewoman glide through the presence, and cast her eye on mee, as commonly they vse to doe on men, that makes any showe, or glister as I alwaies doe.

Nan. Ye! alwaies making glisters, I hold my life hee is a Pottecarie, doe you neuer make no suppositors sir?

Nuc. I keepe my place of standing, carrie my bodie stiffe and vpright, blush not, am impudent enough, when perchance the heate of the Ladies affection, makes her take a place of standing, either against the hangings, or one of the bay windowes, and there with a greedie eye feedes on my exteryors, which perceiuing, I draw to her, kisse my hand, and accorst her thus.

Enter Knight.

Nan. I pra'y accorst her anon sir, and lets stand close and trouble not true iealousie in the picture of Hieronimo, in a little volume.

Peg. See, see how a looks, doe you not perceiue his heart beate hither?

Nan. I, for all the world like the Denmarke Drummer.

Wag. Peace, heare what a saies.

Kni. Forgiuenesse wife: O how haue I wrong'd thee, O who would abuse your sex, which truly knowes yee? O women, were we not borne of ye? should we not then honour you? nurs'd by ye, and not regard ye? begotten on ye, and not loue yee? made for ye, and not seeke ye? and since we were made before yee, should we not loue and admire ye as the last? and therefore perfect'st work of nature. Man was made when nature was but an apprentice: but woman when shee was a skilfull Mistresse of her Arte; therefore cursed is he that doth not admire those Paragons, those Moddels of heauen, Angels on earth, Goddesses in shape: by their loues wee liue in double breath, euen in our Ofspring after death. Are not all Vices masculine, and vertues feminine? are not the Muses the loues of the learned?

ned? doe not all noble spirits follow the Graces, because they are women, there's but one Phœnix and shee's a female: Is not the Princes and founders of good arts Minerua, borne of the braine of highest Ioue, a woman? haue not these women, the face of Ioue, the tongue of perswasion, the body of delight? O diuine perfection'd woman, whose prayses no tongue can full expresse, for that the matter doth exceede the labour: O if to bee a woman bee so excellent, what is it then to be a woman inritch'd by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by vertue, adorn'd by beautie? A faire woman which is the ornament of heauen, the grace of earth, the ioy of life, and the delight of all sense, euen the very *summum bonum* of mans life.

Nas. O monstrous heresie, hee will be damb'd for that error.

Wag. Nay, let him alone, for he had like to beene burnt for that opinion ere now, had not a friend of mine pluckt the fire from the stake.

Nas. Come, lets breake out vpon him.

Nan. O no good sir, though it be a thing much giuen to your name, yet let not vs breake out, let vs not shoote such childish parts.

Peg. Saue ye Knight.

Kni. And blesse ye Lady, O sirra, are you there? come ye hither, what's that strange Lady there?

Wag. I thinke it be mistris Babee sir, Master Nuecome's Mistresse, for she lookes like an Northerne Lasse, made of a strange fashion, something like a Lute, all bellie to the necke.

Kni. So, like a Lute, and you like a skilfull musitian haue been fingring it.

Nan. How does your good Lady Knight, how doth she?

Kni. Well, I praise *Hymen*, and I adore my stars, she hath no acquaintance with such a female flie as you are.

Nan. What meanes he by that?

Peg. Why I thinke a meanes you are but a light huswife, but come let's leaue him.

Nan. Light Huswife, hang him dogged Cinicke.

Nan. Farewell Knight. *Exeunt Nan and Peg.*

Nan. Forgiuenesse wife.

Kni. Now the plague of Egypt light vpon you all, Lice deuoure yee: come yee hither sirra, what's the cause you keepe such villanous company?

Wag. I keepe their companie most Sir for good vittailes, for you keepe such a villanous house, as if twere alwaies Easter eue, we still hope for better: and you know your Cook is gone already sir, for feare a should forget his occupation with you. Besides sir, if any man come to your house to dinner, though he hop vpon one legge, yet euery man saith, a comes too fast, and for mine owne part sir, you haue giuen me nothing since I came vnto you.

Kni. O thou pampred Iade! what wouldest thou haue? what, wouldst thou feede on Quailes? art thou not Pat? is not thy necke brawne, thy leg calfe, thy head beefe? and yet thou wants meate.

Wag. No sir, but I would willingly haue some wages.

Kni. Well, ile thinke on't, and so go call your Mistresse.

Wag. Looke you sir, here she comes without calling.

Kn. Saue your honestly then, & be gon without bidding.

Wag. I vanish sir. *Exit Wages.*

Kni. Do so. O my sweet wife, my elected spouse, the very vessell of chastitie, fild to the very brim with *Hymen* zeale, and nuptiall duty: how haue I abus'd thee? but I haue washt repentance euen in teares, and in thy absence I haue dedicated sacred sighes vnto thee, to appease thy wrath: therfore tel me sweet wife, when coms this pander, when comes he?

La. I muse he staies so long, he should ha beene by promise here an houre since, and looke here a comes.

Enter Lord disguised.

Kni. O you are welcome sir, welcome y faith, but when comes your Lord? is he at hand, will a come?

Lor. My Lord sir, what Lord?

Kni. Nay, come, come, make not the matter strange man, my wife hath told me all, you are an honest man, hold, hold, will ye but befriend me now, and watch another dore vnto my house, & giue notice when a comes, while I watch this?

Lor.

Lor. O now I see the trick on't, his wife hath gulld him with a lie, and made him believe I am but a poore seruingman, onely to enioy my loue. O kinde woman! O sweete Ladie! now I see she loues me.

Kni. O excellent wife, how true shee told mee, what a beast haue I been, still to wrong her with suspect.

Lor. Faith sir, I see ye are a very worthie Gentleman, and for mine owne part, I shall be glad to doe you any pleasure, for to tell you true, I thinke my Lord meanes to Cuckold you indeed.

Kni. Why, that's well said, hold, heere's one Angell more, and goe but with my wife, sheele show you the other dore, while I watch this: and if a come, knocke him downe, kill him, and lay the fault on mee, ile please you for your paines; looke, heere's a club will hold.

La. Giue me, giue me, come.

Kni. Goe wife, go with him, see a stand stiffely too't, and if occasion serue.

La. I warrant ye husband, feare it not, but ile doe my part. *Exeunt Wife and Lord.*

Kni. Why, that's well said, and if a come to this dore, ile teach him come to tie his mare in my ground, but what a slaue haue I been still thus to suspect my wife, I could neuer feele any hornes I had, and yet I know my skull is sothinne, that if my wife should a Cuckold mee, with the least thing in the world, yet my hornes would a growne through: now am I for my Lord.

Enter Lord and the Lady at another dore.

Lor. Now faire Mistres, this farre through the mouth of danger am I come, and made my passage through her life-deuouring iawes, to feaste mine eies vpon this beautie, which makes me thinke all danger's but a sport, so you receiue and wrap me in your loues imbracements, and take hold of this faire occasion, for well you know your Husbands iealousie, will turne this proffered time like fortunes wheele, and drowne our fairest hopes, euen in dispaire, if you bee tedious in our loues effects, and therefore since your wit hath safely plotted my arriuall heere,

proceed euen to the vtmoſt liſtes of my deſire, and make me happie in the fruition of your long deſired loue.

Lor. O my Lord, ſhall a ſmile, a good word, a little kind behauiour, or the title of deere ſeruant, make your hopes to ſwell into ſo great a ſea of luſt, as preſently to ouer-flow and drowne the honour of your Miſtris? O my Lord no, your iudgements much deceiues you of my diſpoſition: beſides, I ſent not for yee, it was your leaud vnbrideled will, that made you thus come gallop hither: yet by my meanes I muſt confeſſe as yet you are vnknowne, and in ſome ſort I glad your being heere, onely to make you know, that neither faireſt occaſions, nor greateſt perſwaſions ſhall euer make me violate my faith to him I owe my loue; No my Lord, I know I durſt to truſt my ſelfe againſt the moſt of opportunitie and ſtrength of all temptation, and though my husband watch you at the doore, yet know within, my conſcience watcheth me, though hee bee blinded with a tricke, yet the cleare all-light giuers eyes doe ſee: therfore good my Lord be gone, you ſee my husband is wilfull bent, and if he chance to know you, I much doubt your ſafetie.

Lor. But is this my paines requitall, and my loues reward?

Lad. Alaſſe my Lord, what would you haue? my loue is not mine owne.

Lo. Well, farwell Lady, you may repent this yet ere long: yet peace fond breath, leaſt threates my plots beguile. vengeance intended pollicie muſt ſmile. *Exeunt Lord and Lady.*

Enter Lord.

Kni. Are ye going ſir, are ye going, what will not your Lord come?

Lor. I thinke not ſir, his houre is paſt long ſince, ſome other buſineſſe hinders him.

Kni. Gods my paſſion, what doe I ſee, this is he, I ſee his chaine: nay, but looke you ſir, when will you come againe? by this light I ſee his ſignet ring.

Lor. Aſſure your ſelfe ſir, ile bring you notice before my Lord come.

Kni. Nay, but will you ſure? ſhall I truſt to you? for looke

looke ye sir, and if you should not come, pra'y stay a little, me thinkes your hand is terne.

Lor. It's no matter, no matter.

Kn. No, tis not now I see't, by this hand tis he, tis he, what should I doe? now if I should strike him, hee would bee to hard for me, for he is better arm'd than I.

Lor. Well sir, ile take my leaue of you, till your occasion shall neede my presence.

Kn. Fare ye well sir, I hope that shal be neuer: but haue not I spun a faire thread thinke you, to be a very Bawde, an arrant Wittall, to giue them opportunitie, put them together, nay, hold the dore the whilest: this is my wiues plot, by which I haue saild to Cuckolds hauen, yet my saile was but a smocke, which shee her selfe hoist vp. Alas, alas, Gentlemen, doe you not know the Philosopher saith, this world is but a stage: *hodie mihi, cras tibi*: tis my part to day, it may be some of yours to morrow: why, tis but matrimoniall chance, wee that are Cuckolds should be harmeft men, for no men else doe know their endes, but we know ours, for we are forked at both. O thou powerfull and celestiall Ioue! strike downe from heauen some congealed bolts of thunder, that it may pierce the wombe of earth, and through it send thy lightning flames to make hell hotter then it is, or with Egyptian dampes and rotten ayres renouate thy eating plague of life, dissolute nature, consume earth, destroy hell, and dambe woman? beseech thee into a deeper dungeon then the diuell. They fill men with diseases, and giue the wane-eyde Sunne of Heauen cause to smile to see our paines: shall the gaping of graues, the scritching of Ghostes, and cries of damned soules, yet longer be deser'd? shall time interpose me with sinne, and beget more mischiefe? shall hell be better furnished with women then with diuels? infernall Lucifer will muster vp his female soules against thy deitie, vnlesse thou doe abridge the course of sinne, by cutting off the increase of women, and then we shall haue no more cuckolds. Come yee hither wife, come yee hither, pra'y tell mee one thing true.

Enter Ladie.

Ladie. True: why Husband, ile lie for no mans pleasure.

Kni. Yes, for his pleasure that is gone.

La. For his pleasure, why for his pleasure?

Kni. Because you are a Puncke wife, a Puncke.

La. Now Ioue blesse me.

Kni. You are a Cockatrice wife, a Cockatrice.

La. Now heauens defend me.

Kni. You are a whore wife, a whore.

La. Sir, the man is mad.

Kni. I, horne mad; ah thou vile, perfidious, detestable, Lasciuious, vnsatiable, luxurious, and abhominable strumpet: was it not enough to be an Actor, a Cornuto, a cuckold, but to make me a Baude, a Pimpe, and a Pander?

La. What Pimpe, what Pander?

Kni. Why, was not this the Lord Nonsuch? did I not see his chaine? Nay, prethee say t'was not he, nay, sweare it too: ouer-shooes, ouer-bootes, since ye haue waded to the belly in sin, nay, now goe deeper euen to the breast and heart.

La. Pray heare me Husband.

Kni. What vile excuses canst make, how canst thou hide thy lust? wouldst wrap thy sinne in periurie, to muzzell vp thy villanie?

Lad. Nay good Husband, for pittie sake heare me.

Kni. Talke not of pitie, pitie is deafe, and cannot heare the poore mans crie, much lesse a strumpets.

Lor. For charitie heare me.

Kni. Charitie is frozen, and benumb'd with cold, it cannot helpe thee, doest kneele? doest kneele? to the heauens not to me: yet they loooke thy heart should stoope, and not thy knee. Doest weepe, doest? rise, rise thou strumpet, goe out of my sight, in, in.

Lor. I goe, Yet this my comfort, in the gall of life,
Suspition neuer wrong'd a truer wife.

Exit Lord.

Enter

Enter Wages.

Kni. Hoe, Wages.

Wag. Heere Sir.

Kni. Come hither Wages, my old resolution is come on me againe, and it shall make me doe much, for I will geld my selfe.

Wag. Alas sir, that's the only way to make you doe little.

Kni. Therefore goe fetch me the Oppressor.

Wag. What's he sir?

Kni. The stone-Cutter.

Wag. O you meane the Sow-gelder.

Kni. O! hee's an excellent fellow, hee takes away the cause of a mans beastly desires.

Wag. I, and of their manly performance too.

Kni. Hee makes a man not care a rush for a woman.

Wag. No, nor a Woman care a straw for a man.

Kni. Doth not such a fellow deserue commendations?

Wag. Yes, as a hang-man doth, for cutting off the traitors that makes the flesh rebell.

Kni. Wages, I doe now more doubt my wiues honestie then euer, therefore ile make him the touch-stone of her reputation.

Wag. Faith Sir, ye might get easier touch-stones then he a great deale, theres many a Gold-smithes wife in Cheapside could helpe you to a better.

Kni. He deserues much praise.

Wag. I, as your Cockatrice doth for the dismembring of men.

Kni. If she be a Punck, it, ile not be diuorc'd.

Wag. Why should ye? why ye cannot keepe more Gentlemanlike company: besides, your Puncke is like your pollitions: for they both consume themselues, for the common people. And your Puncke of the two, is the better member, for she like a candle to light others, burnes her selfe.

Kni. Well Wages, come follow me, for I am resolued to trie my wiues honestie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Enter young Nuncheh like a begging Souldier.

Young Lord. Venus *lay where* Mars *had found her,*
And in warlike armes he bound her:
Cupid *cride, and* Vulcano *smile,*
And thereon threw the Scitlops,
But his horne, begat his scorne,
Which all the little Gods mocks.

Now some honest Gentleman passe by, that I might sel him the maiden-head of my occupation for a halfe-pennie masse, heere a comes, a shall ha't, ye faith.

Enter Nuncome.

Worshipfull Gentleman, looke with your eye, and pittie with your heart, the distresse of a martial man, I haue been a man in my daies, and acquainted with better fortunes then I now see: time hath beene I haue borne Armes, but now one's gone, and I can no longer write Gentleman: wherefore if you please to bestow but one poore thistle of your bountie, to pricke the blister of my pouertie, it would set my slender fortunes a flote, where they now lie beating on the goodwins of famine: I am none of these Ludgations that beg for fourescore and ten poore men: my suite is only for my selfe.

Nuc. Whom hast thou serued friend?

Lor. First, I seru'd in Ireland, then in Holland, Braband, Zeland, Gelderland, Friesland, and most of the seuenteene Prouinces, I was at the siege of Bergen vp zome, carried a pike at the entrance of Sluce, and was hurt in the groine entring the breach.

Nuc. Who was thy Captaine?

Lor. I serued vnder the command of Captaine pipe.

Nuc. Who, Captaine Gregorie Pipe?

Lor. No sir, Captaine Tobacco Pipe.

Nuc. O, I know him well indeed, hee is on the English Nation,

Nation, hath much imployments.

Lor. I can assure your worship Sir, I haue seene him in very hot seruice, and when some of vs his followers haue smok'd for't too: wherefore I beseech you sir, bestow something on me, for the knowledge you had of my good Captaine.

Nuc. Go too sirra, I feare ye are a counterfaite Rogue.

Lor. How Rogue sir? though none of fortunes fauorites, nor great mens minions, yet perchance as good a man as your selfe: swoundes Rogue?

Nuc. Nay, be not angry good friend, for yfaith I loue a Souldier with all my heart, for indeede I haue a Couzen is one, would giue thee something, but yfaith I haue no siller, yet I giue thee eighteene pence in conceit, and so farewell.

Exit Nucome.

Lor. Well sir, in conceit I thanke yee then.

Enter Knight and Wages.

Ye Wages, come ye after like a Clog to the heeles of the old Ape of your Master?

Kni. Wages, how many pounds go to a stone of beefe?

Wag. Eight Sir.

Kni. Then I am lighter by sixteene pound now then I was, I may now lie with any Lady in Europe, for any hurt I can doe her.

Wag. True sir, or good either.

Kni. I can Cuckold no man.

Wag. Yet any man may Cuckold you.

Kni. What's he Wages?

Wag. Some poore Souldier sir, lately come out of the low-Countries.

Lor. I must not now begge lame, for feare I loose his seruice by it: I beseech yee good blacke Captaine bestow something of a poore Souldier, that hath serued his Prince both by Sea and Land: if you bestow but one poore pennie of your liberalitie, when the wheele of Fate turnes, if the bitter frosts of poverty doe not in the meane time nip my fortunes in the blossomes, I doubt not but to reciprocrate your curtesie.

Wag. Hyda, what an excellent fellow this would make to dwell in the Exchange, how the Rogue prates?

Kni. What, art a Souldier?

Lor. I haue been some few yeeres.

Kni. Why, then thou art a Gentleman by profession, and tis a shame for a Gentleman to begge.

Lor. So I thinke, for I haue Gentleman-like qualities enough: for I had rather drinke drunke to purge, then take Physicke; but will you giue me any thing sir?

VVag. No sir, my Master doth not vse to giue Gentlemen money, for feare of disgracing them.

Lor. Oh, I crie you mercie, good Master Mustard-pot.

VVag. Mustard-pot! Gods light, Mustard-pot! and why Mustard-pot?

Lor. Because thou art a sauce-box.

VVag. Sauce-box?

Kni. Go too, be quiet Wages.

Lor. But will ye giue me any thing sir?

Kni. No, not a pennie.

Lor. Come then sir, will ye walke a turne or two?

Kni. Walke with thee, why, art not lousie?

Lor. I neede not, I haue change enough, for I haue twe paire of shooes.

Kni. Wert neuer in better fashion?

Lor. Yes, I haue borne the badge of honour in my daies.

VVag. I, a hath been some Noblemans Foote-man sure.

Kni. VVas thy Father an Alchymist, that thou art so poore?

Lor. Why doe you not know pouertie hath a Gentleman Vshers place, it goes bare before death.

Kni. Thy name.

Lor. Slacke.

Kni. Of what Religion art?

Slac. Faith I am yet cleane paper, ye may write on mee what ye will, either Puritane, or Protestant.

Kni. Wilt thou serue me?

Slac.

Slac. So you will giue me wages.

Kni. Yes that I will, and thou shalt weare my Liuery too, ile giue it thee, thou shalt not buy't thy selfe.

Sla. I thanke ye sir.

Enter a Bawde.

VVag. O Mistris Correction! how doe you?

Mist.Cor. I thanke ye good Master VVages, and how doth that goodly Gelding your Master?

VVag. Why Gelding?

Mistr. Because he hath both abus'de and accus'de one of the most vertuous Ladies that euer friz'eld her haire.

VVag. Peace, speake soft, thats he.

Mist.Cor. Is that he?

Wag. The very same.

Mist.Cor. Now by my troth I am glad to see your worship in good health, & how doth your good worship? Lord you looke ill, a body may see what griefe will doe: O had you had a good wife, your worship would looke twentie yeeres younger then you doe, t'is euen pittie of her life that would wrong such a sweet man: what an excellent complexion your beards off, and by my troth a keepes his colour very well. *Slacke pinches behind.*

What now, you saucie Companion you, what aile you trow?

Slack. You had an ill Midwife Mistrisse, shee hath not clos'd your mould well behind.

Mist.Cor. Marry come vp Iacke-an-Apes father in law, what can you tell?

Slac. I felt it by giuing my hand to bid it farwell.

Mist.Cor. O sir, thats signe yee are a clowne, if yee had bin a Gentleman, ye would a kist it, and a taken your leaue on't. I pray Master wages what's this fellow?

Wag. A new man of my Masters, and I can assure you a tall Souldier too.

Mist.Cor. A tall Souldier say you? so mee thinkes, his cloathes haue beene in shrode seruices, for they are verie dangerously wounded. Sir, and like your worship, this that you haue entertain'd is no man, t'is some Scar-crow, and

you haue done very ill to take him away: the Crowes will eate vp the Corne now out of all measure, pray God wee haue not a deere yeere after it.

Sla. I know your Husband wel Mistris Correction, and Mistris Punckit too: I heare shee keepes her bed much, what, is she not in health?

Kni. Haue you such a Gentlewoman lies at your house?

Mist. Cor. Yes indeed Sir, a younger Brothers Daughter, a kinswoman of my Husbands.

Kni. It seemes he hath been acquainted with her.

Mist. Cor. Who hee? no sir, she scornes to speake with him, vnlesse t'were by an Atturney.

VVag. Pray how doth your Husband good Mistris Correction?

Mist Cor. The better for your asking, good M. Wages.

VVa. Indeed her Husbād is a very honest paineful mā sir.

Mist. Cor. O Master Wages; no, no Master Wages, you are deceiu'd in him, there's neuer a morning but I am ready and abroad, an houre before hee's vp: and when he is vp, as I am a liuing woman, I can make him doe nothing for my life.

Kni. No, doth he not studie?

Mist. Cor. Yes, like the Clarke of a great mans Kitchin, what meate he shall haue for dinner.

VVag. Beleeue it, but hee's a good Scholler though, O he hath a passing head of his owne.

M. C. Hath he, I he hath indeed, if ye knew all, and I can tell ye, he may thanke me fort too, for he went to schoole to me, in my first husbands time.

Kni. Pray what was your first Husband?

Mist. Cor. M. Seldome the Preacher, an't like your worship, he preacht in two of his benefices in one day, and sure twas the death of him, he neuer ioyed himselfe after, so ouerstraind he his voice.

Kni. And then you married this man?

Mi. C. Yes forsooth, and truly afterwards bought him a benefice, but he hath sold it again, & I may tel you, though I am no lady, yet he's cald *sir Iohn* at euery word, & for al this

now

now he makes no more account of me, then your man Master Wages doth of an old shoo-clout, which a neuer thinks off, but when a needs, and if hee cannot find it, why any other thing serues his turne, and so he deales by me, and truly Master Wages I may tell you, I meane to put him away.

VVag. Away! why ye cannot put him away for this.

Mi. Cor. Yes I warrant ye, if you can find in your hart to loue and marry me, let me alone for that: ile keepe ye like a man all daies of your life: besides, if the stones of the street in the City should be too hot for ye, and that ye dare not walke on them, for feare the wicked vanities of the world should catch hold of ye, as they haue done to the vtter ouerthrow and vndoing of many a good man, yet I can get my liuing in the Suburbs, and what trade soeuer go downe, I doubt not but mine shal hold vp, as long as the Kingdom yeelds either Souldiers, or younger brothers, which wants maintenance to keepe wiues of their owne. No M. Wages, my trade, little doth any body know what commings in I haue daily, I keepe three as good fetherbeds going winter and summer, as any sinner in the Suburbs: besides, I warrant ye, I get aboue 20 pound a yeere in Rennish wine, at the second hand.

VVag. Well, Aske my master if he be willing, yee shall finde me forward.

M. Cor. And thats as much as any woman can aske truly: and please your worship I haue a suite to you.

Kni. What ist Mist. Cor. for you are very like to speede?

M. Co. That I may haue your good wil to mary M. Wages.

Lor. Why you haue a Husband aliue?

M. Cor. I, but I can be diuorc'd from him, and like your worship, for 3. seuerall causes, which I know well enough, I warrant ye. *Kni.* If he be willing, with all my heart.

Mist. Cor. I thanke your worship.

Sla. Hisse fellow Wages, pray a word we, dost meane to haue her? *VVag.* I. (of her.

Sla. Well, goe thy waies, I warrant thee a sound peece

VVag. A peece, why a peece? didst euer shoote in her?

Sla. Who I, No, for shee recoiles too much in the dis-

charging, for me to meddle with; but do'ſt heare put her away againe as ſoone as thou canſt: if thou keepe her long, if ſhe proue not like a commoditie of wood, and ſtinke in thy hands, then hang me.

Kni. Well Miſtris Correction, I could wiſh you goe about this your affaires as ſoone as you may, and Slacke and Wages doe you two follow me.

Exeunt 3. *at one doore, and the Band at the other.*

Enter Peg and Nan.

Nan. Now by my chaſte thoughes, which I was mother of at nine yeeres olde, I heere ſweare, neuer to bee in Loue: yet Maſter Nucome the Courtier thinkes with the wearing of a neate Boote, and a cleane Band, to catch my loue napping as Moſſe catcht his Mare, but Venus be my good ſpeede, and Cupid ſend me good lucke, for my heart is very light, and I feare it is but like a Candle, burnt into the Socket, which lightens a little before it goe out.

Peg. I moſt feare tis Lightning before Thunder, I pray haue a care ye hold faſt.

Nan. Come, thou haſt ſuch a running wit, tis like an Yriſh foote boy, I feare twill rob thee of all thy friendes, and then runne from thee and leaue.

But I pray thee tell me one thing:

Peg. I will an't be a good thing.

Nan. Haſt thou thy Maiden-head yet?

Peg. My Maiden-head? faith I.

Nan. Come prethee doe not lie, for they ſay tis loſt lying, and by the ſtrength of my little vertue, I wonder (for mine own part) to ſee how this fooliſh virginitie is eſteem'd when there is ſuch danger in the keeping it, for who doth not know, that the barren wombe is curſt? and al know virgins haue no children: beſides, Women ſhall be ſaued by the bearing of Children, how think'ſt thou, are they?

Peg. Nay, I cannot tell, you were beſt trie.

Nan. Indeed they ſay tis good to trie before one truſt.

Peg. But I pray thee tell me one thing now?

Nan. And whats that?

Peg. The reaſon why thou art come runne away from thy

thy Father, considering the fore-man of your Shop, mee thought was a good handsome fellow.

Nan. Tis true, so he was, but hee had no leisure to keepe me company a workie-daies, for crying what do you lacke? and a holy-daies he would bee at stoole-ball amongst the boies, when I had most needs of him: but to tell thee the true cause of my comming away; I should haue married a young vpthriftie Lord, one that will giue his very soule to a faire Woman, and saith sometimes though she be neuer so foule, yet he will lend her his bodies: he had neuer a haire on his beard this three or foure yeere, but might a been an vtter barrester, for they haue moulted all fiue or sixe times: hee's like death, hee spares none, young nor old, rich nor poore, faire nor foule, he takes all.

Peg. Well Nan well, thou art happie, thou wer't borne vnder a good Planet, thou hast store of suters, but prethee looke, is there none heares our counsell?

Nan. No none, speake boldly Lasse.

Peg. I thinke an ill starre raigned when I was borne, I cannot haue as much as a suite; This Master Nucome, that you forsooth so much scorne: I could find in my hart to pray nine times to the moone, and fast three Saint Annes Eues, so that I might bee sure to haue him to my Husband.

Nan. I, thou wouldst haue him dreaming, but not waking I am sure.

Peg. Not waking! yea, and a bed too, for heere I vow euen by the chastest thoughts that ere was nurc'd within Dianaes breast, and by those purple droppes chaste Lucres spilt, and by the vnstsinde colour of a maidens-blush, that I will proue as true vnto his bed, as ere did she that did Vlisses wed.

Nan. Nay, since I haue refus'de a Lord, by this light I scorne to marrie any, vnder the degree of a Knight.

Peg. No, I would not haue a Knight if I might, for there are so manie, as they are forgotten what they be.

Nan. Nay, then I see you are deceiu'd! why woman, they haue most of them taken an order that they will neuer

bee forgotten, for they haue book'd themselues downe a purpose, I know aboue three and twentie in one Mercers books in Cheapeside: then iudge thou how many are in all their bookes, and there is that will be a witnesse, I warrant you to after ages, what their fore-fathers haue been.

Peg. I, but thats but their faults, yet you know their calling is honourable though.

Nan. Faith thou saist true, I must needs say, Knighthood is like Marriage now adaies, which though 't bee honourable amongst all men, yet is beggarly with a great many: but come shal's goe to dinner, and see what stomacke I haue to my vittles, for yfaith I haue none to a Husband: I would not taste a morsell of a man for any money.

Peg. O that's because thou art not hungrie.

Nan. Tis true indeed, a little bit would fill my belly.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ladie, and Slacke after her.

La. O my vnkind Husband, why doest reiect mee? if not on thee, where should I fixe my loue to haue reward?

Enter VVages.

Sla. Heere, where you are in deere and hie regard.

Lad. Alas thou art a man of meane condition.

Slac. Your loue to me, will breede the lesse suspition.

Fortune denies me wealth: all ill vpon her,
Yet I haue courage to defend your honour,
Madame, you reason haue to be vniust:
A wicked Husband makes an vnkind wife.
Men bragge, that women weaker creatures be,
Yet you must suffer all grosse iniurie,
With silence too, and lowlinesse of spirit,
And then forsooth a good wiues name you merit.
A goodly purchase sure to be a slaue,
Vnto a slaue, till you goe to the graue.
Eue had a soule as well as Adam,
All soules are masculine, hold free dome Madame.
If strength of body make the noblest creature,
Why should not Lyons be the Kings of nature?

The

The ſtrongeſt Creatures gouern'd are by ſence,
And there thy ſoule hath little reſidence:
Philoſophers ſay, the Element of fire
Is actiue, pureſt, apteſt to aſpire:
Of which you women haue the leſſer portion,
Which makes your braines beget cold Notion.
I graunt that Adam was created ſo:
But ſince his fall, all things doe backward goe.
Now actiue heart, gets murder, theft and rapin:
Tis thy Charret which all vice doth ride in.
Againſt whoſe ille's, women could temper ſpurnes,
Giue me the heart which warmes, not that which burnes.
O hatefull is the ſtate you now doe hold,
Worſe then the Slaue that is for money ſold:
For you muſt money giue to buy your euils,
And bind your ſelues to ſome incarnate diuels;
Be but chiefe ſteward in this drudgerie,
Bring forth their Brats with your liues ieopardie.
Scarce dare you giue an old ſleeue from your arme,
But they crie out, your vnder Couert-barne.

La. Preſumptuous ſlaue, whoſe fleſh vpon thy bone,
Thy maſter iuſt may challenge as his owne:
Which by the dead ſcrapt from his trencher got,
Is quickned now, to cut the giuers throat:
Thou venom'd Snake, frozen with beggerie,
Now being thaw'd by thy maſters bountie,
Wouldſt ſting the boſome that did reuiue thee,
And like a viper gnaw, who firſt conceiu'd thee.
Full argument of a ſeruile ſpirit,
For noble hearts will gratifie each merit. *Exit Lady.*

Slac. Yea, are ye vaniſhed?

Wag. Why how now fellow Slacke, what, is ſhe gone?

Slac. S'life what ſhould *I* do now to ſtop this ſlaues vennomed breath, for feare it infect my reputation with my new maſter? this time was ill taken, yet ſomething *I* muſt doe, fellow Wages, how long haſt thou been heere?

Wag. Euer ſince fortune denide thee wealth: all ill vpon her: but thou haſt courage to defend her honour.

Sla. S'light hee hath heard all.
Why man, t'was my Maister set me onely to trye her.

Wag. N'ay, like enough, for I see hee would willingly proue an accessarie to the stealing of his owne goods.

Enter Knight.

Sla. True, and looke heere hee comes, but I pray thee say nothing, let me tell him of it.

Wag. Who I? not a word, my mouth is as close as a faulconers pouch, or a Country-wenches placket. (reason for't

Kni. She would neuer cuckold me, but that she has some

Sla. True sir, there is nothing done, but there's reason for it, (if a man could finde it) for what's the reason your Cittizens wiues continually weare Hats, but to shew the desire they haue alwayes to be couered? Or why do your Seamsters spend their time in pricking, and your Ladyes in poking of Ruffes, but onely to shew they do as they would be done vnto? Or why doe your Innes-of Court-man lye with his Laundresse in a long Vacation, but because he hath no money to goe abroad? Or why doe your olde Iudges widdowes alwayes marry young Gentlemen, but to shew that they loue execution better then iudgement?

Kni. O, but I wonder much shee would not giue mee leaue to make my first childe my selfe.

Sla. Foe; she knew you were but a Prentice to the Occupation, & commonly Prentices spoyle their first worke, and being vnskilfull, shee was loath you should practise in a good Shoppe, and therefore shee befriended you, because shee would haue it well done: shee gat a better workman to doe it for you. For what's the reason the younger Brothers (according to the Old-wiues tales) alwayes prooued the wisest men, but because the Fathers grewe more skilfull at the last, then they were at the first? but I thinke your wiues eldest sonne will proone an excellent fellow, because she had the helpe of so many in the making of it. For commonly, if one haue a thing to be done, as a Conueyance to be drawne, or a Case in the Law to be argued, a man would haue the helpe of as many good Lawyers as hee could get:

now this case of making Children, and a case in the Law, is something like; for as one Lawyer takes his fee, and deales in't, another Lawyer comes, and argues the case more profoundly: but in the ende (when all is done) leaues it to be tryed by the Iurie, in whome the right is, and so must your when they and you, and all haue done your best, yet in the ende, must leaue it to bee tryed by your Wife, whose the Childe is; for a Womans knowledge in this case, is better then twelue mens.

Kni. Oh Slacke, I hate her worse then the worst sinne that is.

Wag. And I pra'y which sinne doe you most hate?

Kni. That which is moste like her, which if thou wilt repeate ——————,

Slac. Ile tell their conditions.

Kni. And I, which is most like her.

Wag. Then the first is Pride.

Slack. I would haue that sinne burnt for a Witch, it changes men into so many shapes.

Wag. The next is Murther.

Slack. Oh! that's a thirsty sinne, for nought can quench it, but blood.

Wag. What is Theft?

Slack. Faith the greatest fault that I can finde in that, is, it couzens the Scriueners, for it borrowes money without giuing any obligation.

Wag. Couetousnesse.

Slack. O! thats an excellent sinne, for to deale with, a that hath a loose Bellie, for t'wil binde any man for tenne groats.

Wag. What is sloath then?

Slac. Faith, Sloath is a good Maydenly Greene-sicknes sinne.

Wag. But Leachery my Ladie?

Slacke. O that's the suckingst sinne that a man can bee acquainted withall, it cannot endure to bee in companie, it creepes into corners, and hides it selfe in the darke still.

Wag. What saist then to drunkennesse?

Sla. O that's a most gentlemanlike sinne, it scornes to be beholding for what it receiues in a mans house, it commonly leaues it againe at his doore.

Wag. Nay, then Leacherie scornes to bee beholding too, for *I* haue knowne what it hath receiu'd in a mans house, it hath sent home againe nine moneths after, and laine at his doore, and therefore the more Gentlemanlike sinne a great deale, because it takes the longer time of repayment, but *I* pray sir now, which of all this is most like your wife.

Kni. Murther, for nought can quench her thirst of lust, but now *I* soone shall finde his villany, prais'd bee my vigilant care: which if *I* doe espie, ile turne her off.

Wag. Alas, alas sir, you haue no reason to bee angrie, much lesse to bee diuorced, although she doe transgresse, are you not cut? haue yee not giuen her cause, is it not of meere necessitie she doth it? Therefore if you follow my counsell, make her amends with kindnesse, and put not her away.

Kni. Beleeue me he speakes wisely, and good counsell, like a Ladie, is to be imbraced.

Sla. Not put her away, and if she wrong him? *I* if he doe not, *I* say he is one of the arrantst blocks that euer man spurned on: why is hee not a Gentleman, a Knight, hath a not seene fashion? Sir, *I* would haue you beare a noble minde, put her away and you list, tis no matter for cause, if shee change but a trencher with the Groome of your Stable, tis dealing enough to bee diuorced. Therefore put her away, and then you may haue another wife.

Kni. Another wife?

Sla. True a gallant, and yet a modest Ladie too, one that shall nourish no blood but your owne, tender your reputation as the apple of her eye, and honour euen your verie foot-steps.

Kni. Shee shall goe, ile make her trusse vp her Trinckets, faith she shall away.

Wag. Shall she away? if she doe, you doe you know not what, you draw a thousand thousand enemies about your eares,

eares, her kindred theill exclaime, no friends will seeke reuenge, and your enemies will grow euen fat with laughter at your folly. Besides, what woman then will haue you, are you not gelded? assure your selfe that now there is none will loue you, most will hate you, but all will scorne you, therefore by my aduice, make much of her, and keepe her while you haue her.

Kni. Hah! now by the vertue of my hearing, he speakes but reason.

Sla. So, t'is good to keepe her still: dwell in the Subburbs, to breake downe your owne glasse-windowes, set some pickes vpon your hatch, and I pray professe to keepe a Bawdy-house.

Kni. A Bawdy-house? No, ile dye first, and if I see but an ie apparant shewe of her disloyaltie, ile euen be diuorced immediately. *Exit Knight and Slacke.*

Wages. Well, I see the substance of this Slaue is villanie.

But Ile preuent him euen what I can,
Since none is worse then a Seruing honest man. *Exit, Sound Musicke.*

Actus Quarti, Scæn. prima.

Enter Knight and Slacke.

Kni. Why, had I not a good legge? did I not alwayes weare cleane Lyning? Was not my hand washed, my beard comb'd, my Cloake brushed, and my shoes blacked, euery morning?

Slac. True, why the more viler strumpet shee, to Cuckold you.

Kni. But how doe'st know shee is with childe?

Slac. Knowe it, why shee's daily troubled with water-pangs, and quakings ouer her stomacke.

Kni. Indeed I must needs say, thats a great proofe, shee hath filld her bellie with something that stood against her stomacke: But doest thou not thinke tis my childe?

Slacke Yours! Why, how can't bee yours: are you not

circumciſed to the quicke.

Kni. Yes, and the remembrance of it galles me.

Slack. Thats a ſigne yee are too patient, and like an Aſſe endure all without reſiſtance.

Kni. Ha, ha, ha.

Slac: But why doe you laugh ſir?

Kni. To thinke who the childe will be like.

Slac: Why you, who ſhould it be like elſe?

Kn. Why, tis none of mine man.

Slacke. Why the more like you for that: why doe you not knowe the Phyloſophers holde the Childe is alwayes like the partie which the Mother thinkes off in the Conception: Nowe ſhee thought moſte of you, for feare you ſhould ha come the whiles, and that's the reaſon ſo manie Gentlemens ſonnes are like your Cittizens, and calles them fathers too; For otherwiſe, how could it bee that a young Cockney being left fortie or fifty thouſand pounds, ſpends all within ſo many moneths, but that ſome young Gallant begot him: for you know the Prouerb, Cat wil after kinde. No, had the olde Citizen begotten him, hee would ha bit a Figge in two, to haue made euen weight, and haue had a pot with a falſe bottome, rather then ha ſold too much meaſure, hee would haue done all things within meaſure, as your old Cittizen did, and not a ſpend all beyond meaſure, as young Gallants doe.

Kni. But were not I beſt goe home and vſe her well, till the Childe be borne, to ſee if it be like mee, thal I may be ſure t'is none of mine?

Slac: O no; that were baſe, and as deceitfull as the Collicke, when it breakes out in winde, which leuells at a mans heele, and it ſtrikes him in the Noſe; therefore neuer make a ſhowe of one thing, and doe another, but put her away, rid your hands of her, and theres an ende.

Kni: I thinke who's the father of the Baſtard?

Slac. Why, who's the Father of a Punckes Childe? iſt not *Filius Populi*; it may haue two Fathers for any thing wee knowe.

Kni: Well Slacke, I doe very much miſtruſt Wages too, for

for hee is growne very familiar of late.

Sla. True sir, and takes her part too, and ye marke him.

Kni. I marke him: no Slack no, pray heauen a mark not me, but ile instantly sue out a diuorce, hap, what hap shall, but ill's his hap whose wife lies downe to all. *Exit Knight.*

Enter Wages.

Wag. Of all honest Animalls your Cuckolde is the best, for hee is sure a Gentleman, and knowne by his crest.

Slac. Of all the Occupations that euer man profest,
In my opinion still doth holde, the Cutpurse is the best.

Wag. And why the Cut-purse?

Slacke. Because hee will trust no man, for so soone as he hath done his worke, hee is sure to haue his Money in his hand.

VVag. Nay then a Lawyer is a better trade then that, for he is sure of his money before he doth his worke.

Slac. But I pray thee what's the Newes now?

VVag. Why, they say the world is like a Byas-Bowle, and it runnes all on the Rich mens sides: Others say, t'is like a Tennis-ball, and Fortune keepes such a Racket with it, as it tosses it into Times hazard, and that deuoures all, and for my part they say, twill shortly runne vppon wheeles with me, for my Maister sweares he will haue me carted, because a thinkes I haue layen with my Ladie.

Slac. Nay then, t'will runne vpon wheeles with thee indeed, but peace Foole peace, when thou art once marryed, that suspect will dye.

VVag. Peace foole peace, saist thou when I am marryed? doest heare? I tell thee there is no peace in Marriage, vnlesse it bee with a dumbe woman, no, nor but litle comfort neither.

Slac. No way? why doth the Ballad say then, So sweete a thing is Loue, that rules both heart and minde, there is no comfort in the world to women that are blinde.

Wag. Kinde (man) the Ballet sayes.

Slac. Masse I thinke a bee kinde indeed, yet blind, is the better of the two I think, for as thou sayst, if she be dumbe, I am sure sheele say nothing that shall offend her husband:

if blinde, shee'le see nothing that shall offend her, and where he nor shee's offended, there must needs be a peace: but besides this, is there no peace thinkest thou in the marriage of a wife.

Wag. Yes by the mans side, like a Gentleman onely by the fathers side, but t'will nere be any perfit peace.

Slac. Why, why wilt thou marry then?

Wag. Because I hope to haue some good behauiour of my wife, for the peace *I* neuer looke for: but soft ye fellow Slacke, me thinks your sute is like a hard-harted Landlord, it begins to receiue great rents.

Slac. I, I would my Master had giuen mee a suite of Buffe when he gaue me this.

Wag. Phoe, Buffe is naught man, that hath been out of request euer-since Souldiers haue been out of date, and they poore men are now vsde like Almanakes of the last yeere, either clapt vp behinde the doore, or thrust cleane out of doore: but if thou wilt haue a suite that shall last indeede (lad) get thee a suite in Law.

Slac. O, *I* doe not like such a suite, for commonly they that haue many of them goe almost naked for want of clothes, yet *I* cannot denie but they are very lasting, but they are subiect to many discõmodities: so if there be any goodnes in one of them, your Lawyers like moaths, eate shroad hoales to it, but your Countrey Atturnies (like lice) neuer leaue writing and wrangling, till they haue crep't into it, but when it hath been well worne and growne thrid-bare, they euen like Lice drop off, and leaue it.

Wag. VVhat saist thou by a suite at Court then?

Slac. I marry *Sir, I* like that well, for commonlie hee that hath but one suite, when hee comes there, hath two ere hee come away: for if hee sue by Petition, it lies so long in your Courtiers pocket, that it is another sute to get his Petition backe againe. There is none suddenlie dispatched of his suite there but a Taylor, marrie hee staies not at all, vnlesse his suite bee to haue money for his suite, and so he makes his suite two suites too ere hee goe. But come on, shall wee goe see what followes after

ter our Maiſters new diuorce.

Wag. Why is a diuorc'd?

Slac. I, I thinke by this time, for hee ſwore he would be preſently. By my troth, I am ſorry for it, for in my conſcience it is without cauſe, it grieues mee to ſee him in theſe humours; for I thanke his worſhip hee hath euer vſed me well, I am bound to pray for his life.

Wag. And mee thinkes that's a ſtraunge thing, I ſee no reaſon for't that any Seruing-man ſhould pray for his Maiſters life, conſidering all that he haue, is in reuerſion of him: but come, let's follow him, for if hee miſſe vs, heele fret like a grogrom; I, and fume like a ſtue-pot.

Slac. And let him fume, O would his Gall would burſt with indignation, then ſhould his tempet procreate my bliſſe, and enioy that Saint incarnate, but what ſhall I doe, ſince baſe nor noble ſhape can win, a third Ile trie.

And if that faile Knight, goe to Church and pray;
For vengeance wings brings on thy lethall day.

Exeunt. Wages.

Enter the olde Lorde alone.

Lor. Hee that a long way voyage takes in hand, feares dangerous Guſtes at Sea, and ſtormes.

At Land conquering colde that cripels curſſed Age, and doubts leaſt euery clowd ſhould proue a ſtorme, and beate his wearyed carkaſſe to the earth. But O, I would to God my longeſt iourney vnto Death were to bee tane, for I doe caſt no doubtes, hauing loſt all comforts; My Sonne I feare, is dead; The loſſe of him, makes life to mee but like a bliſter on my Fleſh, which grieues mee much, and nought can eaſe, vnleſſe it breakes. Oh whilſt hee liued, his preſence was a force vnto my Age, and gaue it ſuch a Luſter, as did enrich my Ring of Life: for Life is but a Ring, beginning in our weakeneſſe, going round, till vnto weakeneſſe we returne againe: then to the ground. The World it ſelfe is but a skilfull game at Cheſſe, which beeing ended, Kings and Queenes, Biſhops and Knightes,

into one Bagge, are throwne at laſt: So all of vs both Poore and Rich, ſhall in the ende into the earth, as into a bagge be caſt: Mans life is like vnto a Shippe, that croſt by Tempeſts and by Tydes, ſome thoughts of his like billowes, ſwell him vp aloft, another ſtrikes him downe. Thus man as on a Sea, is toſte, in faireſt weather feares a Storme, and in a Storme the euent, but in the ende hee ſinckes, when Life is ſpent: griefe hath no boundes in Teares, it ebbes and flowes.

Til it haue drowned Life, and ended woes.

Enter Lady, Nan, and Wages.

Ladie: But Wages, is there no meanes (thinkeſt thou) to turne by it, nor to force backe his ſtreame of wrath.

Wag. Yet ile warrant yee Madame, if youle be tul'de by me, you ſhall ſee ile make him ſeeke to be friends with you, and intreate mee to ſpeake for him too, but then I would haue you ſeeme a little ſtraunge; but you ſhall dyrectlie raile on him. Therefore I would haue you hide your ſelues heere behinde the Hangings, for t'will not be long ere hee come this way, and then you ſhall come foorth, and frame your behauiour according as our diſcourſe ſhall require.

Nan: Maſſe here he comes, lets ſtand cloſe.

Lady. We will, and Heauen aſſiſt thy proiect.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Now Wages, what newes with you?

Wag. That which I thinke will helpe you from beeing diuorc'd.

Kni. What's that?

Wag. Why, your Ladie is not with childe.

Kni. Iſt poſſible?

Wag. Why how ſhould ſhe, vnleſſe ſome Hob-gobblin, ſome *Incubus*, or ſpirit of the Buttery ſhould beget it? why ſhee, ſince you were gelded, neuer ſaw a man but through a window, ſhe hath neuer trode her foot awry, for feare ſome ill conſtruction ſhuld attend her ſteps, which like a boundles Ocean deep inrag'd, ſhould drowne her reputation.

Kni.

Kni. Not with Childe ſaicſt thou?

Wag. Not of my word Syr.

Kni. Wages, I would thou wouldſt but doe ſome charitable offices?

Wag. What? Make ye friends againe?

Kni. True.

Wag. But you'le prooue falſe, and breake that Friendſhippe?

Kni. Neuer, as I hope to be reconcil'de, therefore tell mee, wilt thou doo't?

Wages: Hum: truely I would doe my good will, but I feare twill be but labour loſt.

Knight. I pray thee doe but trie; yfaith thou ſhalt not looſe thy paines.

Wages. O laſſe ſir, you know I muſt feede on Quailes.

Knight. That was in my furie man, but wilt thou not doe it?

Wag. Pray Syr, if ye can get ſome other friend to ſpeake in't doe.

Kni. Well, thou wilt leaue me now then?

Wag. Alas Syr, what would you haue me doe? by my Troth ſir, I am aſham'd to ſpeake in't: haue ye not gelded and cutre off all the content of Marriage? Why, they that haue the full performance of it, t'is as much as they can doe to pleaſe their Wiues; and you that want all abilitie, muſt not onely pleaſe her now, but make her amendes for the wrong you haue done her heretofore, and how haue I the face to promiſe that which I know you haue no meanes to performe it?

Kni. Alas man, ile doe my good will.

Wag. Doe your good will, and that's much worth ſure, yet ſince you haue bene my Maiſter, the world ſhall not ſay but ile doe what I can, ile perſwade what I may, yee ſhall ſee there ſhall be no fault in mee.

Enter Lahe and Nan.

Maſſe here ſhe comes, what will you doe now?

Knight. Ile hyde me heere, and ſo I ſhall heare all what ſhe ſayes.

Wag. O this is excellent, come, come, come, and ſtand cloſe, he ſhall heare how ile ſpeake for yee: and if ye heare your pardon graunted, come forth.

Kni. I warrant yee.

Wag. Morrow Madame.

Ladie: Morrowe Wages.

Wages. Morrow Miſtris Nan.

Nan. Morrnw Wages.

Wages: The Foxe is caught; his Head is in the Nouze.

Nan: Peace, ſpeake ſoft; perſwade, perſwade.

Wages. Faith Madame I haue a ſute vnto you, but I am halfe aſham'de to ſpeede in't.

Kni: S'light, the Rogue ſayes hee is aſham'd to ſpeake for mee: Hiſt Wages, hiſt Wages.

Nan: Madame, your Man would make an ill ſuter, that is aſhamde to ſpeake in his ſute.

Wages. What the Diuell aile you, what are you madde? youle be ſpide anon.

Knight: A Poxe on thee! Ar't not aſhamde to tell her, that thou art aſham'de to ſpeake for mee? Hiſt, hiſt, Wages.

Wages: I thinke the *Foole* rides you: What will you haue?

Kni. Doeſt heare Wages, ſpeake for mee: and by this light ile mend thy Wages.

Wag: By how much?

Kni. Fortie ſhillings.

Wag: Fortie ſhillings?

Kni. Three pound, three pound.

Wag. Giue me your hand, ile doe it.

Lad: But what's your ſute Wages?

Wages. That you would forgiue your Husband.

Ladye: What; and receyue his Loue againe, you meane?

Wages: I Madame.

Lady. Marry that were a leaſt indeed: Being as he is now, a woman would be loath to turne him amongſt her Ducks:

Duckes: Truely Wages I am aſhamde in your behalfe, that a man of your diſcretion would vrge it, therefore prethee ſpeake no more ont, ile tell thee what, I could finde in my heart to ſpeake for him my ſelfe, but that t'is ſuch a iealious foole, that if hee catch but a Flea in her bedde, hee will be ſearching to ſee if it bee a Male or a Female, for feare a comes to Cuckold him.

Lad. Well Wages, well: to tell thee truely, I beare no malice, and if I wiſt he would amend, I ſhould forgiue and loue him with my heart againe.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Yea-faith I will Wife.

Ladie: Why, how now Wages! Haue you betrayde vs?

Wages: I Madame, but t'is into the handes of thoſe that loue yee.

Nan: Well Wages, well, I did not thinke you would haue v'ſde vs thus.

Ladie: Is there honeſtie in this; to ſet a man behinde the Hangings to euiſe-drop our words?

Knight. Be not too angrie (ſweete Wife) for yfaith it was my plotte: but you haue beene a heauie enemie of mine.

Nan: T'was more for my credite, then to haue beene your light friend.

Knight: Be friendes with mee good Wife, for here I doe confeſſe.

Nan: Your iealouſie ſprung from your owne vnworthyneſſe.

Kni. T'is true.

Ladie: Then in hope youle kinder prooue, I am content.

For this knowe, that a Womans heart will ſoone relent.

Kni. Then come Wife, let's in.

And Wages, thy paines deſerues to be requited:
For ſeparated hearts thou haſt vnited. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Nucome Singing, with a Glaſſe in his hand, and making himſelfe readie.

Nuc. La, la, la, la, la, they marched out manly by three and by three, and the formoſte in Battaile, was Mary Hanbrie. Will you heare of a Spaniſh Ladie, how ſhee wooed an Engliſh-man: hum, hum, hum.

Boy.

Boy. Heere ſir.

Nuc. Is the Talor gone?

Boy. Gone, Syr.

Nuc. Goe fetch me my doublet then.

Boy. I goe Syr. *Exit Boy.*

Nuc: Hum, hum, hum, by the greateſt terror to Gentilitie, which indeed is Creditors and Sergeants; this Roaguiſh Taylor came vpon me with ſuch a Bill, as a man were better haue ten Conſtables and their Watches come vpon him with their Billes: why (good words, or a douzen of Ale will pleaſe them) but nothing wil ſtoppe theſe Rogues mouthes but money; And yet yfaith I am greatly in his Bookes, for though I miſvſe him neuer ſo much, yet the Rogue durſt not croſſe me.

Enter Boy.

Let me ſee Boy, Maſſe t'is a prettie Doublet.

Boy. The Taylor Syr, intreates you to remember your day.

Nuc. My day? Gods light, my day? Why what doth a take me for, I thinke?

Boy. A takes you for a Gentleman ſir, I thinke.

Nuc. A Gentleman, and remember my Day: No, ile holde my life hee takes me for ſome Marchant or Cittizen, but ile make him knowe my ſtrength, ere I leaue him, hee ſhall finde a ſecond Sampſon of mee. I can breake my bonds Boy, I can, I can.

Boy. But come Syr, will you trye your Doublet firſt.

Nuc. O I, Come, come, plucke, but take heede of my Ruffe I pray thee, this Doublet is too little, a poxe in him.

Boy. Not now hee is on Syr.

Nuc:

Nuc. No, when hee is off, I meane Boy.

Boy. Belieue it Syr, but it becomes yee well though.

Nu. Doth it indeed? Maſſe I thinke it doe, me thinkes I haue a reaſonable good Legge in't.

Boy. So you haue Sir, but your heele is a little too ſhort.

Nuc: Yea, why too ſhort?

Boy. Becauſe your long heele ſir, doth alwayes beſt become your great Calfe.

Nuc. Why? my Calfe is not very great.

Boy. O Syr yes, why a man ſhall ſee a greater Calfe of your Age: for I thinke you are not aboue twentie.

Nuc. Not ſo much: But come helpe off my Doublet now.

Boy. I will Syr.

Nu. Come, ile ſee how t'will looke here, and goe thou and watch the doore, that no bodie come the whilſt, hum, hum, hum, if I had a Band for't.

Boy. Why, that about your Necke ſir.

Nuc. But what if any body ſhould come the whilſt?

Boy: Why doe not I keepe the Doore?

Nuc. Maſſe that's true: Hum, hum, hum:

O t'is Maiſter Nucome, I know him, a fine Gentleman, yfaith ile ſalute him by and by, as I paſſe: Maiſter Nucome I take it, I crie ye heartily mercie, good Maiſter Nucome, I am glad to ſee you in good health ſir, I ſhall intreate you to pardon mee, I proteſt I did not knowe you in that ſuite, you haue a very faire Doublet on; The Gods giue you ioy ſir: There is neuer a Lord in the Land may be aſhamde to weare it Syr: rap, rap, rap.

Gods light carry away my Doublet, quickly, quickly.

Boy: I warrant yee Syr.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Enter a Seruingman.

Nuc. Gods precious my Band, what ſhall I doe nowe?

Ser. By your leaue Syr, my Miſtris, Miſtris Peg ſent to ſee how your worſhip doth.

Nuc. I thanke her very heartilie, I pray commend me to her.

Ser. Ile doe your commendations Syr, but I pray you be couered sir, I pray you be couered.

Nuc: I thanke yee heartily, t'is for mine ease, the weather is hot, hot, very hot.

Ser: So it is indeed sir, well sir; By your leaue sir, ile be so bolde sir, as to carry your commendations sir. (*man.*

Nuc: Do so good friend; farwell, farwell. *Exit Seruing-*

What a Beast was I to put off my Band, yet the griefs the lesse, because hee came from Peg, which is a Wench I must confesse, doates on my exteriour vertues, but I can by no meanes affect her; onely, because the poore Wretch, in heate of her passion, shall not melt her selfe away in teares she sometimes inforceth mee to sweare and protest I affect het: Marry alwaies with mentall reseruations, for my soules health. For you know that somtimes it is pollicie, Courtiers and Statesmen should vse fallacie.

Exit Nucome.

Enter Ladie, with a Seruant.

Ladie. Giue charge vnto the Cooke a make not too much haste with Supper, for I hope your Maister will bee here to Night, and and looke you keepe fast the doore, let no man trouble me.

Ser. I will Madame.

Lad: Nowe thankes gentle Heauen; O bee you smyling still on my designes, and let your influence powre downe good Fortunes: and bee not angrie, nor no more Maleuolent, but make my Husbands reconcilement irreuocable.

Enter Captaine Wouldly, and Seruing-man.

Ser: Syr, I shall be shent for letting of you in.

Capt: S'blood I tell thee I will speake with her, what wouldst thou barre my chaunce, when my whole Fortunes lyes on the cast?

Lad:

La: O Heauens, Starres, Fates, Gods, ſmile not like Summer on theſe Waſpes no longer, that daily buzzing, come to ſting my honour.

Capt: Saue thee ſweete Ladie, I heare thy Husband is from home: which makes mee come to render thee my perſons loue.

Lad: Your Parſons Loue (ſir) is moſt commonly a benefice; O that I ſhould be troubled with this Aſſe now: doe you heare Sir? if my Husband ſhould come and finde you here, we were both vndone.

Cap. Your Husband, your Husband is an Aſſe, by this light, and he ſhould offer you but an ill looke in my ſight, t'were better he had no eyes: but t'is your owne fault, that would not ere now accept of the loue of a Soldier; to haue kept the Slaue in awe.

Ser. O! how reprochfully the Captaine ſwaggers, ile away, for feare he grow furious. *Exit Seruant.*

Cap. But doeſt heare me ſweet Ladie, I haue loued thee long, and muſt now enioy thee. Feare nothing, this warlike Sword of mine ſhal defend thine honor; this *martiall* blade ſhall doo't, life it ſhall yfaith. *Rap, rap, rap.*

Lad: Harke, harke, my Husband is come.

Shee lookes through the Doore.

Capt: Your Husband ha! where, where?

La. Tis not hee; but ile trie my Captaines valour now. O ſir, my Husband, what ſhall I doe now? he hath a Piſtoll in his hand too, hee will kill vs both.

Cap. A Piſtoll? Cods my life, what ſhall I doe then? I pray hide me ſomewhere.

La: O no! as ye loue mee, muſt inioy mee, and will defend my honour, draw forth this warlike ſword; this is the *Martiall* blade muſt doe it; therefore I beſeech you good Captaine, *Now or neuer.*

Cap: Gods precious woman, hee hath a Piſtoll, a ſword, No ſhield againſt a bullet.

La: O no, no, t'is but a ſword, now I thinke on't.

Capt. That's all one, for Ioues ſake hide me, if you can.

Ladie. Why, durſt you not encounter with him ſword to ſword?

Cap. Durſt! yes I durſt, and beat him too, but for your reputation, your honour, t'will call your Name in queſtion.

Rap, rap, rap.

Ladie. O t'is no mater for that, Harke, harke, defend me but from his furie now, and I care not for that.

Captaine. Death of Man, what ſhould I doe now? Why, looke yee Ladie, in your defence I would beate him like a Dogge, but hee will haue the Law on mee, hee will vndoe me with Actions.

Shee lookes at the Doore againe.

Lad. Beleeue me Captaine, I haue bene miſtaken all this while, t'is but a ponyard he hath in his hand.

Capt: Soule of vallour Woman, the moſt daungerous thing in the world, a may eyther throwe it, or ſtabbe ſuddenly. (you.

Ladie. Faith Captaine, I know not where I ſhould hide

Capt: Why any where ſweet Ladie, and it be but vnder your Farthingale.

Ladie. No, no, come ſtand heere.

Capt. Where, where, quickly, pray quickly.

Lad. Stand cloſe, take heed, doe not moue, till I call you.

Capt. I warrant yee.

Ladie. Well Captaine, I hope I haue cool'de your courage for comming here againe: and now ile goe ſee who is at the Dore.

She opens the Dore, and enters Maiſter Exhibition.

Exhib. Your ſweete lippes faire Ladie.

Lady: Yet more Fleſh flyes, what ſhall I doe with them? Well, I feare Fortune hath dealt mee a bad game, by the ſhuffling of her Cardes thus; that theſe two Knaues ſhould ſo come together.

Exhib. You haue a prettie ſweete dwelling here Ladie; I will euen preſume here to vncaſe my ſelfe.

Lady. Then I am ſure wee ſhall haue Muſicke, for they ſay, euery Foole is a Fiddle to the companie.

He

Hee Capers three or foure times.

Knight. What, haue you neuer a paire of Virginalls in the houſe Ladie?

Ladie. Indeede that were good Muſicke for the Marchants Daughter, but t'is not good for the Students of the Innes of Court.

Exhib. Haue you euer a Lute then?

Ladie. Neyther indeed Syr.

Exhib. Faith Lady, I remember the firſt time I ſaw you, was in Quadrageſimo-ſexto of the Queene, in a Michaelmaſſe Tearme: and, as I thinke it was the morrowe vpon Menſe Michaelis, or Craſtino Animarum, I cannot well tell which, but it was at the Chriſtening of Iuſtice Warrants Childe: And the ſecond time I ſaw you, was at our Reuels, where it pleaſed your Ladyſhip to grace mee with a Galliard, and I ſhall neuer forget it, for my veluet Pantables were ſtolne away the whilſt.

Lady. I was beholding to you for ſo coſtly a Galliard.

Exh: In troth not a whit Ladie, for I muſt confeſſe vnto you, I haue bene miraculouſly taken with your Beautie, euer ſince primo of the King. It may be you feare to entertaine my Loue, becauſe there are a number of idle fellowes of our ſocietie, I muſt needs confeſſe, which are very ſcandalous to the reputation of Ladyes: but thoſe are your Punies, (lately come from the Vniuerſity) ſuch as take ſo much on them, by the reading of *Ariſtotles Problemes*, as they think they could teach theyr own Fathers to make children, but I am none of thoſe: I loue you, and if you doubt it, be but at the charge to ſue out a *Dedimus poteſtatem*, and ile preſently make ye *affedavit* of my affection.

Ladie: Pray loue a doe not Coniure in Wealſh, For I know not what he ſayes.

Exh: Or make me a Leaſe but for tearme of life, of your loue, in the remainder of your Husband, prouided alwaies, that if your husband *alien* (or put away) it may be lawful for me to enter, but if I *Alien* (or put away your affection) let it bee then lawfull for your foreſaide Husband, againe to re-

ceiue, and then to haue, holde, manure, and occupie, *In ſtatu quo pius:* that is, In the ſtate before; and I doe not doubt but your graunt in this caſe will be good, for there is a caſe that proues this *Inquinto*, of Rich: the third, a Patron was ſeiſd of an aduouſion in Fee, with two Nuns appendant, & therevnto preſented a parſon, with a *Prouiſo*, that if the incumbent ſhould alien, graunt, demiſe, let, ſet, or otherwiſe put away the premiſes, or anie part or parcell thereof; that then it ſhould be lawfull for the Patron (or his aſſignes) in, and vpon the whole to reenter. The incumbent aliend, the Patron entred, the *Quare* was, whether thoſe two Nuns were any parte of the premiſes, and by vertue of the *Proviſo*, ſubiect to the reentrie: and after long diſpute, it was agreed by all the Court, that the *entrie* was good, as well in the two Nuns, as in the reſt of the premiſes. Then much more in this caſe, where we are both Lay-men.

La: Sure this fellow thinkes he hath ſome right to mee, and he hopes to win me by Lawe, but what thinke yee, if my Husband ſhould come, and enter now vpon vs two, in what caſe were you?

Ex: Why, well enough, perchance he would complaine of me to the Bench, and then I ſhuld be put out of cõmons: that's the worſt he could do, and that's nothing: for I was once put out of cõmons before, for beating of the Panyard man: and in any within 3. dayes after. *Enter a Seruant.*

Serv: O Madam, Madam, what will you doe? my maiſter is come, as I am a true liuing man.

Lad: O laſſe ſir, what ſhall I doe with you?

Exh: Why hide me ſome where, cannot ye hide me here?

La. O no, no, no, he doth vſe to ſearch all the houſe ſtill, to ſee if he can finde any bodie heere, but ile tell ye what ye ſhall doe, drawe out your Rapier, and goe out againſt him, and whatſoeuer queſtion he aske you, make him no anſwer, but onely ſay, ye doubt not for all this, but you ſhall meete him, and bee reuenged well enough in another place, and leaue the reſt to mee.

Exh: I warrant ye. *Exeunt Exhibition & Seruant.*

Enter Knight. *Lad.* Come out, come out man.

Cap. Slight

Capt. S'light woman your Husband will ſee me.

Ladie. Spretious man, that's all one, come out, come out, Draw your ſword, holde it in your hand, make ſome ſhowe of reſiſtance.

Capt. S'blood woman, hee hath a Piſtoll.

Ladie. Hee hath none, he hath none, by this hand I did but ieaſt.

Capt. Nor no other weapon?

Lady. Nor no other weapon.

Capt. Yfaith.

Lady. Why, will yee not believe me? yfaith he hath not.

Capt. Well then, well; Nay, I care not if hee had.

Enter Knight and Wages.

Knight: Why, how now Wife, what's the matter? what ſtirre haue we here?

Lady. Why Husband, did you not meete a man, with a Rapier drawne in his hand?

Kni: Yes, and here's another.

Lad. Alas Husband, he would a kild this poore Gentleman, but that hee came and ranne in heere for ſhelter; and becauſe I would not ſuffer him ſpoyle him heere in your Houſe, hee is gone in ſuch a rage as you neuer ſaw.

Kni. My Faith, and he ſwore indeed he would be reuenged in another place: Did he not Wages?

Wages. Hee did indeed Syr.

Kni. Believe me, and he might eaſily haue ſlaine you ſir, for he had a very long Rapier.

La. True, I knowe my ſelfe he had the better weapon, or elſe I would nere a ſtood ſo againſt him.

Kni. I, had I ſuch a Rapier, I would a made him runne like an Iriſh Lackey.

Lad: I, to haue ouertaken yee.

Kni. Well Wife, believe me, I thanke ye for this: for I would not for the wealth of all this Towne he ſhuld a hurt him in my houſe: Well ſir, you ſhall ſuppe with me, and after ſupper ile conduct you to your Lodging my ſelfe, but feare nothing *Capt.* I thanke you ſir.

Exeunt Knight, Lady, Capt.

¶ *Actus Quintus, Scœna Prima.*

Enter Knight and Slacke.

Slacke. Why, Did you not perceiue it?

Knight. Not. I proteſt.

Slacke. O monſtrous! why, did ſhe not ſay her ſelfe, ſhe knew he had the better weapon, for which cauſe ſhe ſtood againſt him; meaning Bawdery, flat Bawdery, and yet you could not perceyue it: Now by this light, (had you ſtept but one foote lighter, yee had taken them in the very fact) but you goe dreaming, hanging downe your head, that t'is no maruell your wife makes you a Cuckolde: For the Husband (beeing the Wiues head,) why then the Head goes downe, then the heeles muſt needs mount vp.

Kni. Ile neuer more heare of reconcilement, but be Diuorced immediately.

Slacke. Straight put her away: why, you may haue Wiues enough.

Knight. O Wiues too much.

Slacke. There's your wiues Kinſwoman Miſtris Peg, ſhee is Faire, Modeſt, Honeſt, Chaſt, wiſe, ſober, Rich, vertuous, diſcreete, and honourable.

Kni. And would be acquainted with me ſai'ſt?

Slacke. Who?

Kni. The Man thou ſpeakeſt of.

Slacke. Why, I ſpeake of none, I talke of a Woman.

Knight. And haue all theſe good conditions?

Slacke. I, why not?

Kni. Doe'ſt knowe her?

Slacke. I

Kni. Harke thn, rent a Chamber, hang out her picture, take twelue pence a piece at the leaſt.

For enough will come I know:
To ſee that which none elſe can ſhow.

Slacke. Slight I thinke the man be madde, but will yee not haue her Syr?

Kni. Yet, if thou tell true, who would not haue her? but

firſt

firſt make winged ſpeede to purchaſe my Diuorce, holde, heeres money, make haſte, vſe no delay.
For all men muſt for expedition pay.

Slac. I goe, and you ſhall be diuorc'd, or elſe my braine ſhall ſwet: for what your folly looſeth, my wit ſhall get.

Enter Slacke at one Doore, and enter Wages at the other.

Knight. O Wages, ile tell thee Newes, I haue ſent for a Diuorce, and what wilt thou ſay, when I am marryed to a newe Wife?

Wages. Then Syr will I ſay, as the Prouerbe ſayes, marriage and hanging comes by Deſtinie: but if yee be diuorced and will followe my counſell, you ſhall hang your ſelfe, rather then marrie againe.

Kni. No wages, I doe not holde that ſo good: for ſure, Marriage is better then Hanging in ſome.

Wag. True, in ſome reſpect, and that onely becauſe you haue a longer time of repentance; but I pray ſir, iſt a Chriſtian that you meane to marrie? (Iew?

Kni. A Chriſtian? I, why doeſt thinke I would marry a

Wag. I doe not like them ſo well Syr, becauſe it is the faſhion amongſt them to ſend Capons to their Godfathers, for New-yeares giftes, and vpon my life ſir, ſheele one time or other clappe you vp in a Basket, and ſend you away for good handſell: but I pray ſir, who is it?

Knight. Peg, is ſhee not a fine Gentlewoman?

Wag. Beyond praiſe.

Kni. Hath ſhee not a piercing Eye?

Wag. And t'were a Ferrit.

Knight. A delicate Noſe?

Wag. And it were a Mulberrie.

Kni. Teeth, like two rowes of Orient pearle.

Wages. But the ſtring is broken, and manie of them are fallen out.

Kni. Hands as white as Pelops ſhoulder.

Wages. I, and as thicke too.

Knight. Wages.

Wag. Syr?

Wages. Syr.

Knight. Go to her, and measure by thy protestations the depth of my Affections: tell her what I will bee to her, what I haue beene to others; if shee alledge to thee her Couzens presupposed wrongs, tell her, I well could haue bene hood-winck'd to her Couzens faults, so I had neuer seene her face.

Wag. But what shall I tell her if she say you are gelded?

Kni. I, ther's it indeed, there is no excuse for that: yet thou mayest tell her I did it onely to preserue my voyce. Deliuer this iewell to her owne hands, and with it, euen my hearts affection.

Wag. I will sir, and if the Wenches close, my proiectes carry, spite of mischance, you shall your own Wife marrie.

Exit Wages.

Knight. Now I must be Frolike, learne to speake well, and wooe with a good Garbe: and now I thinke on't, I haue a pretie conceit of mine owne, I will tell her that the wooing of a young Wench is the felling of a Tree, and the getting of her Friendes good will, like the lopping of the Tree. Therefore, first it behooues mee to heaw downe the Tree, and then ile climbe with ease: but if at first, to fell it I be not able, t'assay to climbe it shall be in vaine. Welcome, hast thou brought the Diuorce?

Enter Slacke.

Slac. T'is heere Syr.

Knight. Come then, lets in, it ioyes mee much, that thou so soone hast sped:
For houres seeme yeere', till it be published.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lady, Nan, and Peg.

Nan. But tell mee good Madame, why are you so Melancholie?

Ladie. To thinke vpon the lawsie importunitie of my Seruant Slacke: hee is like a Badge on a Coate, he is neuer off, off my sleeue, and yet I shunne him like the Pest.

Peg. And

Peg. And he followes you like infection.

Nan. Nay, I would he did ſo by mee, for I proteſt I loue him beyond my thoughts; I couet nothing like his company, and yet he hates me, loathes my ſight, but then comes the Welſh-man your loue, and hee hangs on my lips, like a padlocke on a Pedlars-budget.

Peg. And hates mee as much; for if I come but once neere him, hee ſweares I am like a Kybe, alwayes at his heeles.

Nan. Come Madam, doe not grieue at that which griefe can no way mend.

Ladie. I would not, if I could mend that which doeth cauſe my griefe.

Enter Wages.

Wages. Newes, Newes.

Nan. What Newes?

Wages. You are diuorced.

La: Why diuorced, why? ha, ſpeake.

Wag. Nay, I cannot ſpeake the cauſe Madame! but queſtionleſſe t'is true; and Miſtris Peg, my Maſter now makes Loue to you.

Peg. To mee?

Nan. To thee, I to thee, goe thy wayes, thou ſhalt bee a Lady, I euer thought thou wouldſt come to ſome promotion, as the Boy did, that had a bag & a ſtaffe, and beg'd for himſelfe, but how doeſt thou know hee is in loue with her?

Wages. Know't, why, I haue ſeene him ſtand an houre together, behinde an Oaken tree, calling ſweete Miſtriſſe, kinde Peg; and making ſpeeches to it.

Nan. As how? as how? prethee how? (ſter.

Wag: Stand you for the Tree, and ile ſpeake for my Mai-

Nan: I will; and that moſt ſtiffely yfaith. (ſeſſe.

Wag. Then thus he begins; Deare Miſt. Peg, I muſt con-

Nan. Nay then hee is a dead man alreadie.

Wages. Why?

Nan: Why confeſſe, and be hang'd euer.

Wag. O ho, but I meane he doeth confeſſe ſhee's faire.

Nan. That's all one, hees but one man, and one witnes can neuer prooue her fact, but prethee on with thy speech.

Wag. Why then this, faire Mistris I must confesse.

Nan. But he will not confesse before witnes, will he?

Wag. Push, did not I tell you he would speak to an Oake.

Nan. Nay then, that will be a stiong proofe indeed.

Wag: Proofe, Nay: if that bee not proofe, how say by this Token?

Nan: I Martie Syr, would wee had more such Tokens of his Loue.

Wag. This Mistriesse hee hath sent to you.

Peg. Looke you Madame, your Husband now makes loue to mee.

Nan. Sirha, how pouit thou art, why looke woman, your Loue as man wooes mee, and to mee sent this Ring.

Lad: And my Man, the Man you so esteeme, spite of refusall, left with me this Chaine.

Na. This Chaine: for euer may he lincked be to woe, that hates my Loue, and woes an other so.

Wag. Well, lets in, and be but patient all a while, for if the worst doe fall, that euer did befall,
A plot's in chace that shall outstrip them all.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Knight, and Cupid before him.

Knight: Now if shee should refuse my iewell, and contemne my loue, or contemne my Loue, and take my iewell; what a foole was I to send her a Token, till I had some Token of her affection: as if Women might be wooed with gifts: For when we giue them those things which most we loue, they do esteem we loue them better then those things wee giue; when they poore Fooles doe but deceyue themselues: for wee doe giue as Merchants venture, for a treble againe, we send them Tokens, onely to get them and theyr portions. But there comes my persecutor.

Enter Ladie.

La. Why doest thou haunt me like a Ghost, thou female sinner? thou hast not *holy Church* in thy power, with all her com-

commaundements, to keepe mee from thy vnhallowed presence: how durst thou breake the Edict pronounced by the mouth of *holy Church* Man? art thou not Diuorced? is not our separation blowne into the peoples eares, euen by Iehouahs choſen Trumpetter? Firſt, thou didſt breake thy vow to mee, and madeſt of euery *Priapus* a Trumpet; on which thou blowedſt thine owne infamie: therefore auoide, thou leauend lumpe of ſinfulnes, auoyd.

O my ſtill beloued Husband, like filth or durt, doe not flea me like a Serpent, which comes to ſting thy boſome; I come to kiſſe; Sweet let not ſuſpect diuorce me from thy preſence, though from thy bedde:

For if you will truſt this maſked face, I knowe,
No fountaine purer then my Loue would ſhow.

Kni. I flie, and hate thee like a Serpents hiſſing, which comes to ſting me with pretence of kiſſing. *Exit Knight.*

O faintie teares, and feeble handes, for euer may you cloſe, and neuer part till ſharpeſt griefe haue cut the heart-ſtrings of my life. Or elſe let this ſame braine of mine diſſolue to teares, and droppe it ſelfe euen drop by drop, vntill it make a Sea of woes, that therein I may drowne my wretched life.

Enter Slacke.

Slacke. Alas poore Ladie, I pittie your calamitie, and grieue to ſee you bruiſed by my Maiſters iniurie, which makes your eyes like ſpunges drop theſe briniſh teares, and ſpoyles a Face, ſuch as was neuer better one framde by the skilfull hand of Nature.

Ladie. Auoyd thou ſlaue, how durſt thou woe mee? I am like a ſtarre to thee; my Orb's aboue thee.

Slacke. O! then my Loue is a moſt cleare and brighteſt ſtarre: look not with a maleuolent Aſpect vpon me, but let your eyes bright raiſe vp my life, and ſo extoll my thoughts

Lady. Periſh may thy ſelfe and loue together:
Heauens graunt againe, I nere may heare of eyther.

Exit Ladie.

Slacke. What ſhall I doe? *Enter Nan.*

Nan. Reſpect her moſt, that moſt of all loues you. O! doe not turne away thoſe Eyes, whoſe radiant beames firſt nurſd my flame.

Slacke. Auoyde thou vnreſiſtable Torteror, more fretting to my thoughts then Cankars are to Mettalls. How often haue I tolde thee of my hatred? For of this bee thou ſure and ſtill remembred: deepe hate (like loue) can hardly be diſſembled. *Exit Slacke.*

Nan. I, doeſt thou hate me then? O brighteſt Venus, Now or neuer make thy blinde Sonne ſee; and wound his heart, whoſe hate hath wounded mee.

Enter Nucome.

Nuc. Oh here ſhee is; pray God my Band ſit well. Faire Lady, may I preſume with the Bee to ſucke Hony from thy lippes, for I dream'd the laſt night. (Welſhman.

Nan. Nay, I thought he would wooe me dreaming like a

Nuc. That I was transfigured, metamorphoſd, or tranſform'd into a flea in thy Bed.

Nan. But did I not kill yee then? (you.

Nuc. Me thoght you did did, but firſt I dream't I ſtung

Na. Yet againe dreaming, ile talke no more, but be gon; for feare I wake him. *Exit Nan.*

Nuc. And then me thought, as I was skipping from your knee vnto your thigh, & ſo forth; you told a Gentleman of it, a friend of yours; who moſt courtly and ſoftly putting in his hand to catch mee. Spretious ſhee's gone, ſure t'is the acutenes of my ingenuitie, which makes my ieaſts ſo ſtinging, as ſhe cannot endure them: I muſt needs eat ſome of your new court-water-gruell, to qualifie my my inuention.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Thou need'ſt not loue, ſpeake what thou wilt, if gently thou doe ſpeake, thy words to mee are much more Muſicall then is a Syrens voyce. Orpheus himſelfe could neuer ſtraine his high ſtretch'd ſtrings to ſuch Melodious ſounds, as when thy voyce doth pierce the eare.

Nuc.

Nuc. T'is but for my wit ſhe loues me: I ſent her trickes alreadie: for Courtyers muſt aſwell thriuing bee,
Haue Noſes to ſmell out, as Eyes to ſee.

Enter Nucome.

Peg. Deſpiſ'de, and left alone, ſilde brim full of griefe, and no way to vnloade mee of my cares.
But through theſe running eyes, in ſtreames of teares.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Whoſe teares like to a cleer, yet poyſoned ſource, haue with their vapours through theſe eyes (the windowes to my heart) infected all my thoughts. Thy eyes do ſhoote forth glances like to ſtarres, though ſeated in a moyſte and rainie Skie, the which hath wounded euen my heart, and I muſt die; Left Achilles launce-like, healed by your eye.

Peg. I pray you ſeeke ſome-where elſe, if you bee ill,
For I in Surgerie haue little skill.

Exit Peg.

Kni. Ile follow my ſute, not ceaſſing till the moſt of triall,
For hee's a foole in Loue that makes denyall.

Exit Knight.

(in Loue,

Cupid. *Here hath bene a Maze, a Round, a Whyrling*
How like the ſpoakes of a Ladyes Coach-wheeles
They runne one after another:
And as of them you ſee neyther,
So none of theſe can ouertake eyther.
And though you ſee them thus forſaken,
They ſhall be marryed, but miſtaken:
Which for performance yet awhile,
I muſt be labouring to beguile.
Onely the men, and make them venter,
To runne a Circle farre from Center
Of their hopes; yet for their good,
Where blinded each like Hawke in hood,
Shall Marry better then they Wooed.

Exit Cupid.

Enter Ladie and Wages.

Wages. Nay Madame, it muſt needes bee ſo, or elſe the Prieſt will neuer Marrie me.

La. And ſo you would haue vs all bee Marryed maſked.

Wages. True, to which you all may eaſily perſwade your Louers, telling them with my Marriage, will be with much the leſſe ſuſpect effected.

Ladie. But ſay, who ſhall knowe vs, when our Faces are not ſeene?

Wages. The better; for then you ſhall appoint each one of them, to chuſe you by theyr owne Tokens, which you within your ſelues ſhall chaunge: Miſtris Peg ſhall weare Miſtris Nans Ring, Miſtris Nan your Chaine, and you Miſtris Pegs iewell.

Lad: But ſhall they needs to come naked too?

Wag. O I, by any meanes, onely for ſome priuate reaſons vnto mee, in which perſwaſion if you will practiſe that you know, you will preuaile.

Lady. Ile doe my beſt moſt willingly.

Wages. Then come Madam, let's in: I know it will doe:
For this is held a principle in Schooles,
Loue makes not fooles wiſe men, but wiſe men fooles.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter foure Boyes.

1. Nominatiuo, hic, hæc, hoc.
2. A Nowne is the name of a thing.
3. Amo, amas, amaui, amare.
4. In ſpeech be theſe eight parts.

Enter Maiſter Correction, and Wages.

Ma. Cor. I promiſe you ſir, I had Dinde forth to day, but that you ſee the weather is Clowdie, and the Heauens lowre on my delights.

Wages. I pray you ſir, whoſe Sonne is that bigger Boy?

M.C. It is Maiſter Parmiſins ſonne the Cheeſe-monger, and the next to him is *M*aiſter Cauetas ſonne the Ferry-man,

man, two very prettie ſparks ile aſſure you. Tobias Parmaſin, come hither Tobias, holde vp your head Tobias, and looke and you can ſee a penny in my browe: So, t'is well done; What part of ſpeech is *Mentula?*

1. A nowne Adiectiue.

M.C. And why a nowne adiectiue?

1. Becauſe it ſtands not by himſelfe, but it requires an other word to be ioyned with it.

M.C. Marke you Syr, I teach both ſubſtance and meaning; I doe not teach as your common people, d, o, b, a, b, b, bottles; Goe ſit you downe againe Tobyas. Timothie, come yee hither Timothie: How conſtrue you this verſe Timothie? *Iam, iam, Tacturus, Sidera ſumma putes.*

2. *Iam, iam,* O Iohn, Iohn, *putes,* doe thou put, *Sidera, ſumma,* Syder in Summer, *Tacturus,* in Tankerds.

Wages. A very forward childe, I promiſe ye.

Maiſt. C. Goe ſit you downe againe: Will you heare them all examined Syr?

Wag. Moſſe willingly good good Maiſter Correction.

M.C. Yee ſhall ſir; Syr, I haue taken as much paines with them, as anie Poet whatſoeuer could haue done, to make them anſwer vpon their Q. with good action, diſtinction, & deliberation: ha, ha, ha, how many diuels are there?

2. Number infinite.

M.C. Looke you Syr, there are an infinite number of Diuels: What is the Diuell?

3. A wicked Spirit.

M.C. What is the nature of that wicked ſpirit?

4. To worke miſchiefe.

M.C. On whom doth it worke miſchiefe?

1. On all mankinde.

M.C. When hath he moſt power to worke miſchiefe?

2. When Man hath taken his liquor.

M.C. With what viſitations then deludes he mankinde?

3. With ſtrange Earthquakes.

M.C. What is the mans beſt comfort?

4. To ſleepe and ſlumber.

M.Cor. Looke ye now ſir, are they not pretty children?

Wag. Very prettie, and well taught, ile aſſure you ſir.

M.C. Sir, I will tell you, notwithſtanding all theſe paines I take with them, yet how vnkindely their Parents vſe me: they ſuffer theyr younger Children to beray the Church-porch: And no longer ſince then Munday laſt, came the Officiall, and there beeing angrie with mee about other matters, hee threwe that in my diſh, as if I could haue helped it: but I anſwered him ſufficiently: For I tolde him, they that did it, were but the Children and the youth, and youth would breake out in deſpite of his Noſe; or the beſt mans Noſe in the pariſh.

Wages. I thinke yee ſpend moſt of your time with your Schollers heere: yee keepe little other companie.

M.C. Yes ſometimes ſir, here was yeſterday Maiſter Nuceme the Courtier, doe you not knowe him ſir?

Wages. O very well ſir.

M.C. Hee is a fine Gentleman, a good Scholler, and an excellent Naturaliſt: and truly fell into a great diſputation, (peace theſe Boyes there) and our Argument was, whether a Foole or a wiſeman made the beſt Lawyer. He ſtood for the Wiſe man, and I moſt Scholaſtically, ſtoode for the Foole: and thus I began my *Syllogiſme*, (peace theſe Boyes when I bid ye) yourwiſeman (ſaid I) vſeth few words, your Foole, much babling; your beſt Lawyers vſe much babling. *Ergò*, your Fooles makes the beſt Lawyers.

Wag. And believe me ſir, t'was well prooued.

Ma.C. A ſlaſh, a ſlaſh, a fooliſh Schoole-poinr, a fooliſh Schole-point.

Wag. O I, and confuted mee too, onely by reaſon of a ſcurvie old Prouerbe which ſayes, Children and Fooles doe alwayes tell true: but your beſt Lawyers doe not alwayes tell true: *Ergò*, your Fooles make not your beſt Lawyers, a moſt ſtrong and ſtrange Argument.

Wag. I pray Maiſter Correction, let mee intreat a Play-day for your Schollers.

Ma: C.O

Ma.C. O Maister Wages, they do nothing else, they do nothing but play, nothing but play.

Wag: Nay good sir, do not deny me, for I haue some priuate busines with you of great importance.

M.C. Nay then sir you shall preuaile indeed: you shall, yet I remember; *Dyonisius ille Tyrānus, Scyciliæ crudelissimus, crudelissimus Scicilie Tyrannus ille Dyonisius:* sayes to one of his Pupils: *Huc ades, hæc animo, concipe dicta tuo.* So I say vnto you all my Maisters, *reuerere Maiores:* plucke off your Hats to your betters, and looke yee giue the Woman the wall, and so goe your wayes.

Gratias:
Omnes { *Gratias:* / *Gratias:* / *Gratias:* } *Exeunt omnes* Schollars.

Enter Mistris Correction.

Wages. Morrow Mistris Correction.

Mistris Cor. Morrow good Wages.

Maister Corr. Morrow sweet Wife, sweete Frisset, sweet Nuptiall.

Mistris Corr. O Maister Wages! how doth your good Maister, sir Timothie Troublesome? what, doth he thinke he is a Cuckold still?

Maist. Corr. An arrant Cuckold (Wife) believe it.

Mistris Corr. Come, come, Husband, you are such another; why doe you say so?

Ma. Corr: Because it is true, Wife.

Wages. Syr, *Maister* Correction you are mistaken, I thinke hee be no Cuckold.

Ma. Cor: Good *Maister* Wages talke no more of Cuckolds; I would they were all in the Sea for my part.

Mi. C. Husband, can you swim?

Ma.C. No Wife, nor I desire not to learne.

Mi. C. I would haue you in any case appoint with my Husband that I may come masked.

Wages. Peace, that plot is already drawne, Maister Correction, I am sent vnto you from my maister, who cõmends his Loue vnto you, intreating you will giue your diligent attendance this Euening at the Church, because himselfe vpon his Diuorce, is priuately to be marryed to a new wife: three other couples he brings with him, they all come masked, yet I will giue you priuate notice what each one is: onely I must desire you not to faile.

Maist. Cor. Maister Wages, your Maister is the helme by which my labours are gouern'd: and tell him I will steare all the nauie of my actions by his directions: And so I pray commend me backe to him.

Well sir then, till then Farewell.

Mai. Cor. The like to you sir. Come Wife, I hope that thou shalt thriue, for as all your Cockatrices maintaine surgions by theyr issues: So doth the Priest and Midwife agree: I set them together, they make worke for thee.

M. C. And truely Husband, ile come to their labours, be it at midnight, if they send for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Ladie, Nan, and Peg.

Ladie. Doth my Tyre sit well Nan?

Nan: Passing well, ile assure you Madame.

Peg. Prethee tell me too, how am I dresst?

Nan. Why thou art very well dresst too, but basted admirably: for the threedes sit in thy Gowne, *Marrie* thou wantst a little Cramming.

Peg. And that's pittie; for I can tell you, I am of my selfe a rare bit.

Nan. Nay then thou art for the Seruingmen, for your Gallants (I can assure you) ride altogether with a snaffle.

Peg. Come, thou hast such a deale of wit.

Nan. Indeede I had, before I spent it amongst such vnthankfull persons as you are Peg; but I prethee pinne, my Gowne close before: for it.

Peg. That I will, but why then doest thou obscure thy Brauerie? this thy Petticoate is a great deale richer then thy Gowne.

Nan. Faith

Nan. Faith I weare my cloathes as your Gallants weare their wits, the beſts ſide inwards, I ſcorne to ſhowe it.

Peg. But for all this idle talke, I would we had appointed our marriage to morrow morning.

Ladie: Then the people would ha ſtood gazing on vs, and beſides, we ſhould haue bene *like them in Dutch, ſubiect to euery Coblers Interpretation*; but now being married in the Euening, preſently Bed times followes.

Peg. Phoe but t'is not the faſhion. (thes.

Na. Tut hang faſhion, I loue it in nothing but in my cloa-

Ladie. Why, thou knoweſt t'is not the faſhion in all places to lie with ones owne Husband euery night. Slight, I had rather lie with a man, and neuer marrie him, then marrie a man and neuer lie with him, come, come; I ſpeake my minde freely; am none of theſe ſimpering Wenches that come at euery word, and ſay I forſooth, and no forſooth; and bluſh at the ſight of a Childe, it puts her in minde how t'was made, and cryes faugh at a wanton ieſt in a playe, and hearkens to a bawdie tale in her eare.

Peg. I, t'is but diſhonourable, to marrie thus in hugger-mugger; Men will ſay we are with Childe, and are aſham'd to ſhew our faces.

Nan. Our faces! why our faces I hope doe not ſhow vs to be with Childe, t'is our bellyes ſhowes that, and I hope thou art quick fleſh, and not dead fiſh: thou wilt not turne vp the white of thy belly, woot? but prethee tell mee, was I not marryed yeſterday?

Peg. Yeſterday, why doeſt aske?

Nan. Becauſe, like a young-marryed woman thats poyſoned before ſhee is Baud, I begin to long alreadie.

Peg. For what I pray thee?

Nan. Faith, to be a bed with my Husband.

Peg. I alas woman, thoſe that are paſt Childe-bearing, vſe to long for that too.

Nan. Nay, but my Longing yet mee thinkes ſtretches a great deale longer; For I long to bee a Widdowe, that I might haue a newe Husband: yet not for any concupiſcent deſires that I haue in the world.

Peg. No, I thinke ſo too, but onely a deſire thou haſt to trie the difference of men, and therefore I thinke thou wert beſt next to marrie an olde man with a white head, becauſe thou mayeſt ſleepe quiet, and not be troubled a nights.

Ladie. By this light I had as liue marrie a Saint Dauies Leeke; No, no, take this of me, whereſoeuer thou ſeeſt the Snow lie on the mountains, be aſſured there's no great heat in the valley. *Na.* Let me ſee I would be a ———

Peg. A Prieſts wife, I warrant ye, becauſe thou wouldeſt fare coſtly, and liue eaſily.

Nan. No, Nan, then marrie a Londoner, for then thou ſhalt liue a life and t'wer a Lady, weare thy gold neck-lace, and goe in thy Velvet cap euery day.

Peg. True, and then when thy Husband is abroade in Traffique for commodities in other Countreys, why thou maiſt deale at home for ready money.

Na. No, not a Londoner, by no means. *Peg.* No, why?

Nan. Why, if they haue but a Plague amongſt them one weeke, they all crie out of a dead time ſtreight: Beſides, if they receyue but a little loſſe at Sea, they breake ſtreight: and where the Husband breakes, you knowe the Wife can no longer hold out, ſhe muſt downe, too for want of maintenance.

Peg. Nay then marrie a Souldier, for queſtionleſſe moſt of them will vſe their wiues well, for they loue their Punks exceedingly.

La. O but they haue a vile fault too, for they alwayes beget children by day, & then they be ſquint eyed: for when the Father lookes one way, & the Mother another, to ſee if any body come the whilſt, how can the childe looke right?

Ladie. What ſaieſt thou by a Ciuilian, Nan?

Nan. O no, by no meanes, for moſt of theyr poſteritie haue ill lucke, for what their Fathers get by Baudy-courts, they cõmonly ſpend it all again in Bawdy-houſes: No, and euer I marrie againe, ile marrie an Iriſh Merchant, becauſe they all ſpeake Latine, and indeed are moſt of them Philoſophers by fortune: *Omnia mea mecum porto*: for they carrie all theyr Ware in theyr breech: But come, let vs make haſt

away,

away: I feare our Louers do our comming stay. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the olde Lorde, and the Merchant.

Old Lord: You see Maister Venter, the greatest comfort that is left me now, is onely in my Neighbors loues; where are these Knaues there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. My Lord.

Olde Lord. What, haue they sup'd within?

Ser. Not yet my Lord.

Olde Lo: Why so, thou art an honest knaue, goe see that none want wine.

Ser: I will my Lord. *Exit Seruingman.*

Old Lo. I would not haue the worst complaine of scarcitie, or want of any thing; for Maister Venter, wee shall carrie nothing with vs: for naked we into the world came, without that which wee now possesse and haue, and without it, we must vnto the graue.

Enter Syr Iohn Correction.

O Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, I thanke you for your Homilie too day; but it you haue a faulte Sir Iohn, the which in any of your Schollers would deserue a whipping; you are come too late, I, and to a Feast and all: well, well, well, but you shall fare the worse for this sir Iohn.

Maister Correct: I would desire a word in priuate with your Honour.

Old Lor: With all my heart: *They whysper.*

They shall be welcome, euen exceeding welcome, and I thanke you too. *Exit Correction.*

Harke you Neighbour, Syr Iohn tells mee, that to honour mee, in this my predecessours still accustom'de Feast, foure newe marryed-Couples are hither come in a Maske: newly from the Church, their feete not yet since their Nuptiall haue kis'd theyr owne thresholds.

Enter Maister Corection, Cupid, and the Maskers Dauncing.

Ven. T'is Signe yee are well belou'd my Lord.

Olde Lorde. I am indeed Maister Venter, I am indeed. Gentlemen and Women, yee are all welcome, euen with my heart: I with my heart yfaith. O Neighbor Venter, my Sonne and your Daughter now bee marryed, what a ioyfull maske would this haue bene.

Ven. T'is true my Lorde, but they are fledde, beyond all hope of euer seeing them againe.

Olde Lord. T'is true, t'is true; yet though the frute gone be, my griefe you see, like leaues sticke fast vpon this Tree: but come, Neighbor come, lets sit & look vpon this youthfull Dauncing myrth, for Youth and myrth haue daunc'de themselues out at heeles with mee.

Nay, pray Gentlemen vnmaske, that wee may knowe to whome wee shall be thankfull for this honour; How now my Sonne? *The first couple vnmaske, and kneele.*

Ven. My Daughter.

Olde Lorde. Now may my Blessing rayse thee from the ground,

Ven. And mine make thee both fruitfull, and a faithfull Wife.

Slacke. Why, what are you?

Nan. Mistooke of you, but such is womans constancie,
Constant in nothing but inconstancie:
For, I that first you most abhord,
Lou'd you a slaue, and hated you a Lord.

Slacke. Well, Woodcocke like, by thy bill, t'is my hap,
Thus fast to be catched in a womans trap.

Nuc. Now by my conscience I am deceiu'd.

Nan. No, not a whit, for I will loue you euer.

Nuc. Well, giue me your hand then, since t'is my Fate,
What marriage ioynes, ile neuer separate.

Knight. What now, remaried?

Syr Timothy & his Wife vnmasked.

Na. O! I repent it not, this match is double made, and twice hath holy *Hymens* fingers tyde this knot.

Nuc: Well, since t'is thus, henceforth ile loue thee euer. For, (*Que sera, sera,*) gainst what plots so euer; but who is this, Master Correction?

Maist.Cor. A friend of yours. *They vnmarke.*
Spretious, t'is my Wife.

Nan. O then sir, t'is a friend of yours.

Mis.C. Come ye away huswife, come ye frō him, come:

Mist.C. Faith sir no; why is he not my husband? did not you your selfe marrie mee to him? But doe you heare, you were best be quiet, and let me alone, if not, yfaith ile tell all.

Maist.Cor. Tell what thou canst, iustice, my Lord, iustice, I beseech ye for iustice.

Mi.C. Nay, I beseech your Lordship too, though I am but a weake vessel called a Woman, and therfore by reason of my bashfulnes, vnable sir to set forth mine owne tale, yet I doubt not, but I shal find good hearing at your Lordships hand, if ye will but giue me leaue to open mine owne case.

Old Lord. Speake, what are your grieuances?

Mi. Cor. May it please your Honour in fewe words, my Husband hath foure Wiues: and then I hope t'is as lawfull for me to haue two Husbands.

Old Lord. How doe you answere this Syr Iohn?

Ma.Cor. And like your Honour, I thinke t'is as lawfull for mee to haue foure Wiues, as t'is for my Parson to haue foure benefices: considering I vse them as hee doth his benefices? For I protest to your Honour, I neere came neere none of them.

Mist. Cor. Will not this do it Master Wages?

Wages. No, you see he hath answer'd it.

Mistris Corr. Nay then, and like your Lordship, I may bee Diuorc'd for another thing, but that I am asham'de to speake on't,

Knight. Nay, you must tell what t'is.

Mist. Cor. Truely I am halfe asham'de. (true,

Old Lorde. Come, come, woman, neuer be asham'd to tell

Mistris Cor. And I may be so bolde to tell your Honour in priuate.

Old Lord. With all my heart.

Mistris Corr. Truely and like your Honour, he hath not that a man should haue.

Olde Lorde. No, why what doth hee want?

M.C. Nay,

Mi. Correction. Nay pray your Lordship to spare mee now, I am asham'd.

Old Lord. Nay good *Mistris* Correction, I must knowe what it is.

Mi. Correct. Why then sir, I must needes tell: truely a hath neuer a beard.

Old Lord. Indeed a man should haue a beard. Well *Mistris* Correction, your Husband must haue you backe againe.

And thus in friendship endes long iealious strife,
With all things well, saue Wages wants a Wife.

Enter Cupid.

BVt Gentlemen, whose iudgements sit,
In strict Commission on the wit:
Which from the Authors pen did flow,
Hee wisheth all but this to know.
That if you well doe censure him,
Hee readie is with braine and penne,
Another time to pleasure you.
If not, he bids you all Adue,
For well he knowes he hath done well,
And so hee boldly dares to tell.
Yet for the Children are I goe,
Your Censure I would willing knowe:
For if you doe the Action blame.
They ready are with pardon drawne,
And each of them here hoping stands,
That you will signe it with your hands.

FINIS.